

















REMARKS

ON

FOREST SCENERY;

AND OTHER

WOODLAND VIEWS.

Tues p. 92 & seq.

This Set of Gilpins Tours bound  
in 8. Vol. 8 has been numbered by the  
Binder without regard to the  
chronological order of the Tours - To  
show this the following Table is given

1. }  
2. } Remarks on the New Forest - 1791 -  
Dedication. Vol. 1. }
3. }  
4. } Observations. Cumberland & -  
Westmoreland - 1772 - Title page }
5. }  
6. } D<sup>o</sup>. Highlands - 1776. - Title page }
7. D<sup>o</sup>. on the Wye - 1770 - Title page
8. D<sup>o</sup>. Western Tour - 1798. Dedication



REMARKS  
ON  
*Forest Scenery,*  
AND OTHER  
*WOODLAND VIEWS,*  
(RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO  
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY)  
ILLUSTRATED BY THE  
SCENES OF NEW-FOREST  
IN  
*HAMPSHIRE.*

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IN THREE BOOKS.

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Happy he,  
Whom what he views of beautiful, or grand,  
In nature, from the broad, majestic oak  
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompt with remembrance of a present God.

COWPER'S Poems.

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VOL. I.

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SECOND EDITION.

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By WILLIAM GILPIN, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY;

AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

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London;

PRINTED FOR R. BLAMIRE, IN THE STRAND.

1794.

REMARKS

ON THE

AND OTHER

WOODLAND VIEWS

[REMARKS ON THE]

PICTURESCQUE BEAUTY

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PICTURESQUE

SCENES OF NEW-FORREST

HAMPSHIRE

IN THREE BOOKS

When what the views of nature, or youth  
In nature, from the bound, stretching far,  
To the green fields, that stretch to the sea,  
Is filled with the presence of a living God.

George's Lane

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION

BY WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.

AND VIEWS OF BUILDINGS IN NEW-FORREST, HAMPSHIRE.

London:

PRINTED FOR E. BARNARD, IN THE Strand.

1784

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1794

TO V. 1

William Mitford, Esq.

LIEUT. COL. OF THE SOUTHERN BATTALION  
OF HAMPSHIRE MILITIA;

AND

ONE OF THE VERDERORS OF NEW-FOREST.

Vicar's-hill, March 4, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN your  
friendship fixed me in this pleasing  
retreat, within the precincts of  
New-forest, I had little intention  
of wandering farther among its  
scenes, than the bounds of my  
own parish; or of amusing myself

In

b

any



any more with writing on picturesque subjects. But one scene drew me on to another; till at length I had traversed the whole forest. The subject was new to me. I had been much among lakes, and mountains: but I had never lived in a forest. I knew little of it's scenery. Every thing caught my attention; and as I generally had a memorandum-book in my hand, I made minutes of what I observed; throwing my remarks under the two heads of *forest-scenery in general*; and *the scenery of particular places*. Thus, as small things lead to greater, an evening walk, or ride, became the foundation of a volume.

In

In methodizing my remarks I divided them into three books. In the first, I have considered trees, (which are the foundation of all scenery,) as *single objects*. I have endeavoured to investigate their general picturesque qualities—in their several kinds—and in the specific character of each; concluding the book with a short account of some of the most celebrated trees, which have been noticed.

The second book considers trees under their various modes of *composition*, from the clump to the forest. It considers them likewise under the several picturesque cir-

cumstances of *permanent*, and *accidental* beauty, in which we often find them. As the first book concluded with an account of distinguished trees, the second concludes with a short view of forest-history; and of the several forests, that may be traced in Great Britain.

This leads me directly to New-forest, which is the subject of the third book. It opens with a few observations on this celebrated tract of country. The scenery of it is next described in a series of journeys through it's several divisions; and lastly, the modes and habits of life are re-  
marked,



marked, of such animals, as inhabit, and embellish it.

It is now, my dear Sir, above ten years, since you first saw this work in MS.; during which time it has received frequent revival; and much addition, as new occurrences, and observations arose. To many of my friends likewise I owe obligations, who have assisted me with their criticisms; and to you in particular, who are so well acquainted with these scenes, and have furnished me with many judicious remarks, and entertaining forest-anecdotes.—I am desirous, you see, to engage you with me in this work. You are as fond of these

these amusements as I am ; and when we trifle, we like to have the sanction of those we esteem, to trifle with us.—I hope however, that while you are shewing the world how Herodotus and Thucydides would have written in English, and are throwing the colours of truth on the crimes of antiquity : and while I am humbly endeavouring to point out, as my profession leads, that greater advantages should be attended with more virtuous conduct—the world will not be so cynical as to find fault with our amusements ; which tho certainly innocent, and rational, I believe neither of us considers as the principal employment of our lives.

How

How far the following work may be an amusement to others, I know not: You will, I am sure, accept it with indulgence; and as a mark of that esteem, affection, and friendship, with which I am, my dear Sir,

Your very sincere,

And obliged, humble servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

How far the following work  
 may be an amusement to others, I  
 know not: You will, I am sure,  
 accept it with indulgence; and as a  
 mark of that esteem, affection, and  
 friendship, with which I am, my  
 dear Sir,

Your very sincere

And obliged, humble servant,

WILLIAM GUTHRIE

# OBSERVATIONS

ON

## FOREST SCENERY.

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### BOOK I.

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#### SECTION I.

IT is no exaggerated praise to call a tree the *grandest*, and most *beautiful* of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it; for we consider rocks and mountains, as part of the earth itself. And tho among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty; yet when we consider, that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as *individuals*; and are not adapted to form the arrangement of *composition in landscape*; nor to receive the *effects of light and shade*; they must give place in point of *beauty*—of *picturesque beauty* at least, which we are here considering—to the form and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance, and



proportion of animals, which range in a higher class.

With animal life, I should not set the tree in competition. The shape, the different-coloured fur, the varied, and spirited attitudes, the character, and motion, which strike us in the animal creation, are certainly beyond still-life in it's most pleasing appearance. I should only observe with regard to trees, that nature has been kinder to them in point of *variety*, than even to it's *living forms*. Tho every animal is distinguished from it's fellow, by some little variation of colour, character, or shape; yet in all the *larger parts*, in the body and limbs, the resemblance is generally exact. In trees it is just the reverse: the *smaller parts*, the spray, the leaves, the blossom, and the seed, are the same in all trees of the same kind: while the larger parts are wholly different: you never see two oaks with an equal number of limbs, the same kind of head, and twisted in the same form: and it is from these larger parts, that the *most beautiful varieties* result.—However, as *variety* is not alone sufficient to give superiority to the tree; we give the preference on the whole, to animal life.

SECT.

## S E C T. II.

**T**REES when young, like striplings, shoot into taper forms. There is a lightness, and an airiness in them, which is pleasing; but they do not spread, and receive their just proportions, till they have attained their full growth.

There is as much difference too in trees, (I mean in trees of the same kind,) in point of beauty, as there is in human figures. The limbs of some are set on awkwardly; their trunks are disproportioned; and their whole form is unpleasing. The same rules, which establish elegance in other objects, establish it in these. There must be the same harmony of parts; the same sweeping line; the same contrast; the same ease and freedom. A bough indeed may issue from its trunk at right-angles, and yet elegantly, as it frequently does in the oak; but it must immediately form some

contrasting sweep, or the junction will be awkward.

All forms, that are *unnatural*, displease. A tree lopped into a may-pole, as you generally see in the hedge-rows of Surry, and some other countries, is disgusting. Clipped yews, lime hedges, and pollards for the same reason are disagreeable: and yet I have sometimes seen a pollard produce a good effect, when nature has been suffered, for some years, to bring it again into form: but I never saw a good effect produced by a pollard, on which some single stem was left to grow into a tree. The stem is of a different growth: it is disproportioned; and always unites awkwardly with the trunk.

Not only all forms, that are unnatural, displease; but even natural forms, when they bear a resemblance to art, unless indeed these forms are characteristic of the species. A cypress pleases in a conic form; but, if we should see an oak, or an elm growing naturally in that, or any other constrained shape, we should take offence. In the cypress nature adapts the spray, and branches to the form of the tree. In the oak and elm the spray, and  
branches









branches produce naturally a different character.

*Lightness* also is a characteristic of beauty in a tree: for tho there are beautiful trees of a heavy, as well as of a light form; yet their extremities must in some parts be separated, and hang with a degree of looseness from the fulness of the foliage, which occupies the middle of the tree, or the whole will only be a large bush. Such is the horse-chestnut, the form of which is commonly unpleasing. From position indeed, and contrast, heaviness, tho in itself a deformity, may be of singular use in the composition both of natural, and of artificial landscape.

A tree also must be *well-balanced* to be beautiful. It may have form, and it may have lightness; and yet lose all it's effect, by wanting a proper poise. The bole must appear to support the branches. We do not wish to see it supporting it's burden with the perpendicular firmness of a column. An easy sweep is always agreeable; but at the same

time it should not be such a sweep, as discovers one side plainly overbalanced.

On bleak sea-coasts, trees generally take an unbalanced form : and indeed in general, some foreign cause must operate to occasion it ; for nature working freely, is as much inclined to balance a tree upon it's trunk, as an animal upon it's legs.

And yet in some circumstances, I have seen beauty arise even from an unbalanced tree ; but it must arise from some peculiar situation, which gives it a local propriety. A tree, for instance, hanging from a rock, tho' totally unpoised, may be beautiful : or it may have a good effect, when we see it bending over a road ; because it corresponds with it's peculiar situation. We do not, in these cases, admire it as a tree ; but as the adjunct of an effect ; the beauty of which does not give the eye leisure to attend to the deformity of the instrument, through which the effect is produced.

Without these requisites therefore, *form*, *lightness*, and a *proper balance*, no tree can have that *species of beauty*, which we call *picturesque*.

SECT.







## S E C T. III.

BESIDES these requisites of beauty in a tree, there are other things of an *adventitious kind*, which often add great beauty to it. And here I cannot help lamenting the capricious nature of *picturesque ideas*. In many instances they run counter to *utility*; and in nothing more than in the adventitious beauties ascribed to trees. Many of these are derived from the injuries the tree receives, or the diseases, to which it is subject. Mr. Lawson, a naturalist of the last age, thus enumerates them. “How many forests, and woods, says he, have we, wherein you shall have, for one lively, thriving tree, four, nay sometimes twenty-four, evil thriving, rotten, and dying trees: what rottenness! what hollowness! what dead arms! withered tops! curtailed trunks! what loads of mosses! droop-



ing boughs, and dying branches, shall you see every where !”\*

Now all these maladies, which our distressed naturalist bemoans with so much feeling, are often capital sources of picturesque beauty, both in the wild scenes of nature, and in artificial landscape.

What is more beautiful, for instance, on a rugged foreground, than an old tree with a *bollow trunk* ? or with a *dead arm*, a *drooping bough*, or a *dying branch* ? all which phrases, I apprehend are nearly synonymous.

From the *withered top* also great use, and beauty may result in the composition of landscape ; when we wish to break the regularity of some continued line ; which we would not intirely hide.

By the *curtailed trunk* I suppose Mr. Lawfon means a tree, whose principal stem has been shattered by winds, or some other accident ; while the lower part of it is left in vigour. This is also a beautiful circumstance ; and it's application equally useful in landscape. The *withered top* just breaks the lines of an

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\* See Lawfon's Orchard.













eminence : the *curtailed trunk* discovers the whole : while the lateral branches, which are vigorous, and healthy in both, hide any part of the lower landscape, which wanting variety, is better veiled.

For the use, and beauty of the *withered top*, and *curtailed trunk*, we need only appeal to the works of Salvator Rosa, in many of which we find them of great use. Salvator had often occasion for an object on his foregrounds, as large as the trunk of a tree ; when the whole tree together in it's full state of grandeur, would have been an incumbrance to him. A young tree, or a bush, might probably have served his purpose with regard to *composition* ; but such dwarfs, and striplings could not have preserved the dignity of his subject, like the ruins of a noble tree. These splendid remnants of decaying grandeur speak to the imagination in a style of eloquence, which the stripling cannot reach : they record the history of some storm, some blast of lightening, or other great event, which transfers it's grand ideas to the landscape ; and in the representation of elevated subjects assists the sublime.

Whether

Whether these maladies in trees ever produce beauty in *adorned nature*, I much doubt. Kent was hardy enough even to *plant a withered tree*; but the error was too glaring for imitation. Objects in every mode of composition should harmonize; and all we venture to assert, is, that these maladies are then only sources of beauty either in the wild scenes of nature, or in artificial landscape, when they are the appendages of *some particular mode of composition*.

The last, and most beautiful of those diseases, which Mr. Lawson ascribes to trees, is *moss*. This, it is true, is one of nature's minutiae; and in painting, touches not the great parts, *composition* and *effect*. Nor is it of use in mere drawing. But in coloured landscape, it is surely a very beautiful object of imitation.—The variety of mosses—the green, which tinges the trunk of the beech; the brimstone-coloured, and black, which stain the oak; and the yellow, which is frequently found on the elm, and ash, are among the most beautiful of those tints, which embellish the bark of trees.

I have often stood with admiration before an old forest-oak, examining the various tints, which have enriched it's furrowed stem. The  
genuine

genuine bark of an oak is of an ash-colour, tho it is difficult to distinguish any part of it from the mosses, that overspread it: for no oak, I suppose, was ever without a greater, or a less proportion of these picturesque appendages. The lower parts, about the roots, are often possessed by that green, velvet moss, which in a still greater degree commonly occupies the bole of the beech; tho the beauty and brilliancy of it lose much, when in decay. As the trunk rises, you see the brimstone colour taking possession in patches. Of this there are two principal kinds; a smooth sort, which spreads like a scurf over the bark; and a rougher sort, which hangs in little rich knots, and fringes. I call it a brimstone hue, by way of general distinction: but it sometimes inclines to an olive; and sometimes to a light green. Intermixed with these mosses you often find a species perfectly white. Before I was acquainted with it, I have sometimes thought the tree white-washed. Here and there, a touch of it gives a lustre to the trunk, and has it's effect: yet, on the whole, it is a nuisance; for as it generally begins to thrive, when the other mosses begin to wither (as if the *decaying* bark were it's proper



proper nutriment,) it is rarely accompanied with any of the more beautiful species of it's kind ; and when thus unsupported, it always disgusts. This white moss, by the way, is esteemed a certain mark of age ; and when it prevails in any degree, is a clear indication, that the vigour of the tree is declining. We find also another species of moss, of a dark brown colour, inclining nearly to black : another of an ashy colour ; and another of a dingy yellow. We may observe also touches of red ; and sometimes, but rarely a bright yellow, which is like a gleam of sun-shine ; and in many trees you will see one species growing upon another ; the knotted brimstone-coloured fringe clinging to a lighter species ; or the black softening into red.—Strictly speaking, many of these excrescences, which I have mentioned under the general name of *mosses*, should be distinguished by other names. All those particularly, which, cling close to the bark of trees, and have a leprous, scabby appearance, are classed, I believe, by botanists, under the name of *lychens* : others are called *liver-worts*. But all these excrescences, under whatever names distinguished, add a great richness to trees ; and when they  
are

are blended harmoniously, as is generally the case, the rough and furrowed trunk of an old oak, adorned with these pleasing appendages, is an object, which will long detain the picturesque eye.

But besides the appearance of moss upon the *trunks* of trees, it creeps among the *branches*, and sometimes takes possession not only of the larger boughs; but even of the smaller spray. In winter this has often a fine effect, when the whole tree, turned into a beautiful piece of straw-coloured coral, appears against a dark wood, or some other background, which gives it relief. In a strong sunshine too it is beautiful; when the light straw-coloured tints contrast with the shadows formed by the twisting of the boughs; which are sometimes still farther deepened by some of the darker mosses.

Thus the maladies of trees are greatly subservient to the uses of the pencil. The foliage is the *dress*; and these are the *ornaments*.—Even the poet will sometimes deign to array his tree with these picturesque ornaments. I am always glad of his authority, when I can have it: and I have seen a poetical oak garnished in a way, that the painter might copy from.



from. In general, however the poet is not, like the painter, *uniform* in his admiration of these pleasing appendages. If at one time he admires them with the painter, and ranks them among the picturesque beauties of nature ; at another he sides with the wood-man, and brushes them away. Nay, I have known him conjure up some mighty agent, as guardian of his woods ; who cries out,

—————From Jove I am the Power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower.  
I nurse my saplins tall ; and cleanse their rind  
From vegetating filth of every kind.  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.

Besides Mr. Lawson's catalogue of maladies we might enumerate others, which are equally the sources of beauty. The *blasted tree* has often a fine effect both in natural, and in artificial landscape. In some scenes it is almost essential. When the dreary heath is spread before the eye, and ideas of wildness and desolation are required, what more suitable accompaniment can be imagined, than the blasted oak, ragged, scathed, and leafless ; shooting it's peeled, white branches athwart the





the gathering blackness of some rising storm ?  
Thus the poet treats it ;

—————As when heaven's fire  
Hath scathed the forest oak, or mountain-pine,  
With singed top it's stately growth, tho bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath.—————

*Ivy* is another mischief incident to trees, which has a good effect. It gives great richness to an old trunk, both by it's stem, which often winds round it in thick, hairy, irregular volumes ; and by it's leaf, which either decks the furrowed bark ; or creeps among the branches ; or hangs carelessly from them. In all these circumstances it unites with the mosses, and other furniture of the tree, in adorning, and enriching it. But when it gathers into a heavy body, which is often the case, it becomes rather a deformity. In summer indeed it's bushiness is lost in the foliage of the tree ; but in winter, *naked branches* make a disagreeable appearance staring from a *thick bush*.—And yet in autumn I have seen a beautiful contrast between a bush of ivy, which had completely invested the head of a pollard-oak, and the dark brown tint of the withered leaves, which still held possession of the

the



the branches. But this was a mere accidental effect; for you may see many pollard-oaks with withered leaves, and covered with ivy; and yet not see the tints so happily arranged as to produce an effect.

In the spring also we sometimes have a pleasing appearance of a similar kind. About the end of April, when the foliage of the oak is just beginning to expand, its varied tints are often delightfully contrasted with the deep green of an ivy-bush, which has overspread the body, and larger limbs of the tree: and the contrast has been still more beautiful, when the limbs are covered, as we sometimes see them, with tufts of brimstone-coloured moss.

All these plants are *parasitical*, as the botanist expressively calls them. The tribes of mosses, lichens, and liver-worts make no pretence to independence. They are absolute retainers. Not one of them gets his own livelihood; nor takes the least step towards it. The ivy indeed is less dependent. He has a root of his own, and draws nourishment from the ground: but his character is misrepresented, if his little feelers have not other purposes, than merely that of shewing an attachment to his potent neighbour.



neighbour. Shakespear roundly asserts, he makes a property of him :

————— He was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out——

Besides this parasitical tribe the painter admires another class of humble plants, which live entirely on their own means ; yet spreading out their little tendrils, beg merely the protection of the great ; whom if they encumber, as they certainly do in a degree, they enrich with a variety of beautiful flowers, and scarlet berries. Many of these, tho classed among weeds, have great beauty. Among them, the black, and white brionies are distinguished. The berries also of many of these little plants are variously coloured in the different states of their growth, yellow, red, and orange. All these rich touches, however small, produce their effect. Another elegant climber, called *traveller's joy*, produces indeed no berries ; but it's feathered seeds are ornamental. The wild honey-suckle also comes within this class ; and tho in winding it's spiral coil, it may compress the young tree too tightly, and in some

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degree injure it's circulation ; yet it fully compensates the injury by the beauty, and fragrancy of it's flowers :

With clasping tendrils it invests the branch,  
 Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon,  
 And fragrant chaplet ; recompensing well  
 The strength it borrows with the grace it lends.

Under warm suns, where vines are the offspring of nature, nothing can be more beautiful than the forest tree, adorned with their twisting branches, hanging from bough to bough, and laden with fruit ;

—————the clusters clear  
 Half through the foliage seen—————

In the road between Pisa and Florence, Dr. Smollet informs us, the country is often thus adorned. The vines are not planted in rows, and propped with sticks, as in France, and the county of Nice ; but twine naturally around the hedge-row-trees, which they almost cover with their foliage, and fruit. Extending from tree to tree, they exhibit beautiful festoons of leaves, tendrils, and swelling clusters, black and white, hanging down from every bough

bough in the most luxuriant, and romantic abundance\*.

Among the most beautiful appendages of this hanging kind, which we have in England, is the hop. In cultivation it is disagreeable: but in it's rude natural state twisting carelessly round the branches of trees, I know not whether it is not as beautiful as the vine. It's leaf is similar; and tho the bunches of hop, beautiful as they are, and fragrant, are not equal to the clusters of the vine; yet it is a more accommodating plant, hangs more loosely, and is less extravagant in it's growth.

In artificial landscape indeed, where the subject is sublime, these appendages are of little value. Such trifling ornaments the scene rejects. The rough oak, in the dignity of it's simple form, adorns the foreground better. But in festive, or Bacchanalian subjects (if such subjects are ever proper for description) when the sportive nymphs, and satyrs take their repose at noon, or gambol in the shade of evening, nothing can more beautifully adorn their retreat, or more characteristically mark it,

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\* Smollet's Travels, vol. ii, page 46.

than these pendent plants, particularly the mantling vine, hanging, as I have here described it, in rich festoons from bough to bough.

The rooting also of trees is a circumstance, on which their beauty greatly depends. I know not whether it is reckoned among the maladies of a tree, to heave his root above the soil. Old trees often do. But whether it be a malady or not, it is certainly very picturesque. The more they raise the ground around them, and the greater number of radical knobs they heave up, the firmer they seem to establish their footing upon the earth; and the more dignity they assume. An *old tree* rising tamely from a *smooth surface*, (as we often find it covered with earth in artificial ground,) loses half its effect: it does not appear as the lord of the soil; but to be stuck into it; and would have a still worse effect on canvas, than it has in nature.

Pliny give us an account of the roots of certain ancient oaks in the Hercynian forest, which appears rather extravagant; but which I can easily conceive to be true. These roots,

he



he says, heave the ground upwards, in many places, into lofty mounts ; and in other parts, where the earth does not follow them, the bare roots rise as high as the lower branches ; and twisting round form in many places, portals so wide, that a man and horse may ride upright through them\*.—This indeed is somewhat higher than picturesque beauty requires ; it borders rather on the fantastic. In *general* however, the higher the roots are, the more picturesque they appear.

To the adventitious beauties of trees, we may add their *susceptibility of motion*, which is capable at least of being a considerable source of beauty. The waving heads of some, and the undulation of others, give a continual variety to their forms. In nature the motion of trees is certainly a circumstance of great beauty.—Spaikespear formerly made the observation :

—————Things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what stirs not—————

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\* Nat. hist. Book xvi. chap. 2.



To the painter also the *moving tree* affords often a piece of useful machinery, when he wishes to express the agitation of air. In this light it may even be considered as an objection to trees of firmer branches, as the oak, that their resistance to every breath of air, deprives them at least, of one source of beauty, and subjects them to be sooner *gotten by heart*, if I may so phrase it, than other trees; which yielding to the pressure, are every instant assuming new modifications.

From the motion of the tree, we have also the pleasing circumstance of the *chequered shade*, formed under it by the dancing of the sun-beams among it's playing leaves. This circumstance, tho not so much calculated for picturesque use, (as it's beauty arises chiefly from it's motion) is yet very amusing in nature; and may also be introduced in painting, when the tree is at rest. But it is one of those circumstances, which requires a very artful pencil. In it's very nature it opposes the grand principle of massing light, and shade. However if it be brought in properly, and not suffered to glare, it may have it's beauty. But whatever becomes of this circumstance in painting;

painting ; it is very capable of being pleasingly wrought up in poetry.

The chequered earth seems restless as a flood  
 Brushed by the winds. So sportive is the light  
 Shot through the boughs ; it dances, as they dance,  
 Shadow, and sun-shine intermingling quick,  
 And dark'ning, and enlightening, (as the leaves  
 Play wanton,) every part——

painting; it is very capable of being playfully  
wronged up in poetry.

The character of the poem is a good  
illustration of the whole. So potent is the light  
that through the leaves, it dances as they dance,  
shadow, and the light is dancing back,  
And the light, and the shadow, (as the leaves)  
Play a game, every part—

## S E C T. IV.

HAVING thus examined trees in a *general view*, I shall now particularize, and endeavour to explain the beauties and defects of their *several kinds*, as they regard *landscape*. I shall first consider them as *individuals*; and afterwards in *composition*.

Trees range under two general heads, *deciduous*, and *ever-green*. In this order I shall take them; confining my remarks to those chiefly of both kinds, which are of English growth, whether native, or naturalized.

Among deciduous trees, the *oak* presents itself first. It is a happiness to the lovers of the picturesque, that this noble plant is as useful, as it is beautiful. From the utility of the oak, they derive this advantage, that it is every where found. In the choice indeed of it's soil it is rather delicate. For tho it  
is



is rather undistinguishing, during it's early growth, while it's horizontal fibres straggle about the surface of the earth; yet when it's tap-root begins to enter the depths of the soil, perhaps no tree is nicer in it's discriminations. If it's constitution be not suited here, it may multiply it's progeny indeed, and produce a thriving copse; but the puny race will never rise to lordly dignity in the forest, nor furnish navies to command the ocean\*.

The particular, and most valued qualities of the oak, are *hardness* and *toughness*. Shakespear uses two epithets to express these qualities, which are perhaps stronger than any we can find.

Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous bolt  
Split'st the *unwedgeable*, and *gnarled* oak,  
Than the soft myrtle—

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\* How quickly the oak vegetates in a soil it likes, may be seen from the following instance.—An acorn was sown at Beckett, the seat of Lord Barrington, on the day of his birth in 1717. In November 1790, it contained 95 feet of timber, which, at 2s. per foot, would sell for 9l. 10s. the top was valued at about 1l. 15s. the girt, at 5 feet from the ground, was about half an inch more than 8 feet. The increase of the girt, in the two last years, was 4 inches and an half. It grows in rich land, worth 1l. 5s. an acre.

Many

Many kinds of wood are *harder*, as box and ebony; many kinds are *tougher*, as yew and ash: but it is supposed that no species of wood, at least no species of timber, is possessed of both these qualities together in so great a degree, as British oak. Almost all arts and manufactures are indebted to it; but in ship-building, and bearing burdens, its elasticity, and strength are applied to most advantage. I mention these *mechanic uses* only because some of it's *chief beauties* are connected with them. Thus it is not the erect, stately tree, that is always the most useful in ship-building; but more often the crooked one, forming short turns, and elbows, which the shipwrights and carpenters commonly call *knee-timber*. This too is generally the most picturesque.—Nor is it the strait, tall stem, whose fibres run in parallel lines, that is the most useful in bearing burdens: but that whose sinews are twisted, and spirally combined. This too is the most picturesque. Trees under these circumstances, generally take the most pleasing forms.

Now the oak perhaps acquires these different modes of growth from the different strata, through which it passes. In deep rich soils, where the root meets no obstruction, the stem,

stem, we suppose, grows stately and erect ; but when the root meets with a rocky stratum, a hard and gravelly bed, or any other difficulty, through which it is obliged, in a zigzag course to pick it's way, and struggle for a passage ; the sympathetic stem, feeling every motion, pursues the same indirect course above, which the root does below : and thus the sturdy plant, through the means of these subterraneous encounters, and hardy conflicts, assumes form and character, and becomes, in a due course of centuries, a picturesque tree,

Virgil has given us the picture of an oak, in which it's principal characteristics are well touched,

*Esculus imprimis, quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.  
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres  
Convellunt: immota manet, multosque per annos  
Multa virûm volvens durando secula vincit.  
Tum fortes late ramos, et brachia tendens  
Huc illuc, mediâ ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram\*.*

I shall not enter into a criticism on the word *esculus*, which cannot on any good authority, I believe, signify the beech ; and

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\* Georg. II, 290.

Pliny's authority, which I insert below\*, may be decisive in favour of it's being the oak. But were it not so, Virgil's description is so strongly marked with the character of the oak, that it seems to put the matter out of dispute; and I introduce the quotation, merely to bring together, in a few words, the most obvious qualities of this most noble plant, in one point of view.

The first characteristic, which Virgil mentions, is it's *firmness*; or the power and strength, with which it takes hold of the ground; driving it's tap-root, in the poet's

\* Pliny speaking of the different kinds of trees, which were dedicated to different deities, tells us, Jovi *esculus*, Appoloni *laurus*, &c. Lib. xii. c. 1. Now we know that the oak was Jupiter's tree. On this point I need only quote Phædrus.

Olim quas vellent esse in tutela sua

Divi legerunt arbores; quercus Jovi,

Et myrtus Veneri placuit——

Pliny also in another place, Lib. xvi. c. 6. plainly distinguishes between the *fagus*, and the *esculus*. “Fagi glans triangula cute includitur. Folium tenue, populo simile, celerrime flavescens, &c. Glandem, quæ proprie intelligitur, ferunt robur, quercus, *esculus*. Continetur hispidio calyce. Folia, sinuosa lateribus; nec, cum cadunt, flavescencia, ut fagi. Glans optima in quercu, et grandissima; mox *esculo*.” From this quotation it is plain, that Pliny considers the *esculus* as a variety of the *oak*.

language,



language, even *into the infernal regions*. No tree resists the blast so steadily. We seldom see the oak, like other trees, take a twisted form from the winds. *Media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram*: that is, I apprehend, it preserves it's balance; which we have seen is one of the grand picturesque beauties of every tree. The oak, no doubt, like other trees, shrinks from the sea-air. But this indicates no weakness. The sea-air, like a pestilential disease, attacks the strongest constitutions. It acts by injuring the early bud, which destroys the spray; and of course, the branch.

A second characteristic of the oak, of which Virgil takes notice, is the *stoutness of it's limbs*; it's *fortes ramos*. We know no tree, except perhaps the cedar of Lebanon, so remarkable in this respect. The limbs of most trees *spring* from the trunk. In the oak they may be rather said to *divide* from it; for they generally carry with them a great share of the substance of the stem. You often scarcely know, which is stem, and which is branch; and towards the top, the stem is entirely lost in the branches. This gives particular property to the epithet *fortes* in characterizing the branches of the oak; and hence it's finewy elbows are of such peculiar

peculiar use in ship-building. Whoever therefore does not mark the *fortes ramos* of the oak, might as well in painting a Hercules, omit his muscles. But I speak only of the hardy veterans of the forest. In the effeminate nurslings of the grove we have not this appearance. There the tree is all stem, drawn up into height. When we characterize a tree, we consider it in it's natural state, insulated, and without any lateral pressure. In a forest, trees naturally grow in that manner. The seniors depress all the juniors, that attempt to rise near them. But in a *planted* grove all grow up together; and none can exert any power over another.

The next characteristic of the oak taken notice of by the poet, is the *twisting* of it's branches: *brachia tendit hic illuc*. Examine the ash, the elm, the beech, or almost any other tree; and you may observe, in what direct, and strait lines, the branches in each shoot from the stem. Whereas the limbs of an oak are continually twisting *huc illuc*, in various contortions; and like the course of a river sport and play in every possible direction; sometimes in long reaches, and sometimes in shorter elbows. There is not  
a cha-

a characteristic more peculiar to the oak, than this.

Another peculiarity, of which Virgil takes notice in the oak, is it's *expansive spread*.

Media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.

By *ingentem umbram*, I do not suppose the poet means a thick, compact, close-woven foliage, like that of the beech, which the oak seldom exhibits. In general, except in very luxuriant soils, the foliage of the oak is light, and thin. I should therefore suppose, that instead of *close-woven* shade, the poet means an *extended* one; which indeed is implied in the expression, just before used, *ramos late tendens*. This indeed is a just characteristic of the oak; for it's boughs, however twisted, continually take a horizontal direction, and overshadow a large space of ground. Indeed, where it is fond of it's situation, and has room to spread, it extends itself beyond any other tree; and like a monarch takes possession of the soil.

The last Virgilian characteristic of the oak is it's *longevity*; which extends, I suppose, beyond that of any other tree.

Multa virum volvens durando secula vincit.

Perhaps

Perhaps the yew may be an exception. I mention the circumstance of it's longevity as it is of a nature singularly picturesque. It is through age, that the oak acquires it's greatest beauty ; which often continues increasing even into decay, if any proportion exist between the stem, and the branches. When the branches rot away, and the forlorn trunk is left alone, the tree is in it's decrepitude—the last stage of life ; and all beauty is gone.

To such an oak, Lucan compares Pompey in his declining state.

————— Stat magni nominis umbra.  
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimi in agro  
Exuvias veteres populi, sacratæque gestans  
Dona ducum ; nec jam validis radicibus hærens,  
Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per acra ramos  
Effundens, trunco, non frondibus efficit umbram.

Spenser hath given us the same picture ; but with a few more circumstances.

————— A huge oak, dry and dead  
Still clad with reliques of it's trophies old,  
Lifting to heaven it's aged, hoary head,  
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold,  
And half disbowelled stands above the ground,  
With wreathed roots, and naked arms,  
And trunk all rotten, and unsound.



I have dwelt the longer on the oak, as it is confessedly both the most picturesque tree in itself; and the most accommodating in composition. It refuses no subject either in natural, or in artificial landscape. It is suited to the grandest; and may with propriety be introduced into the most pastoral. It adds new dignity to the ruined tower, and Gothic arch: by stretching it's wild, moss-grown branches athwart their ivyed-walls it gives them a kind of majesty coeval with itself: at the same time it's propriety is still preserved, if it throw it's arms over the purling brook, or the mantling pool, where it beholds

It's reverend image in the expanse below.

Milton introduces it happily even in the lowest scene.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes  
From between two aged oaks.

After the oak, let us examine the ash. This tree in point of utility, is little inferior to the oak. It's uses are infinite. To the ashen spear the heroes of antiquity were indebted

debted for half their prowess. In the arts of peace as well as of war, in architecture, tillage, and manufactures, the ash objects to business of no kind: while even its very refuse spars are accounted the best fuel in the forest\*. The ashen billet produces a steady, bright, lambent flame; and as Mr. Evelin tells us, may be reckoned among the *ακαπνα ξυλα*, fuel with little smoke.

I have sometimes heard the oak called the Hercules of the forest; and the ash, the Venus. The comparison is not amiss: for the oak joins the idea of strength to beauty: while the ash rather joins the ideas of beauty, and elegance. Virgil marks the character of the ash, as particularly beautiful.

*Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima*————

The ash generally carries its principal stem higher than the oak; and rises in an easy, flowing line. But its chief beauty consists in the lightness of its whole appearance. Its branches at first keep close to the trunk, and

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\* In some parts of the continent of Europe the ashen billet sells for one half more than any other wood, except beech.

form acute angles with it: but as they begin to lengthen, they generally take an easy sweep; and the looseness of the leaves corresponding with the lightness of the spray, the whole forms an elegant depending foliage. Nothing can have a better effect, than an old ash, hanging from the corner of a wood, and bringing off the heaviness of the other foliage, with its loose pendent branches. And yet in some soils, I have seen the ash lose much of its beauty in the decline of age. Its foliage becomes rare, and meagre; and its branches, instead of hanging loosely, often start away in disagreeable forms. In short, the ash often loses that grandeur and beauty in old age, which the generality of trees, and particularly the oak, preserve, till a late period of their existence.

The ash also, on another account, falls under the displeasure of the picturesque eye. Its leaf is much tenderer, than that of the oak, and sooner receives impression from the winds, and frost. Instead of contributing its tint therefore in the wane of the year among the many-coloured offspring of the woods, it shrinks from the blast, drops its leaf, and in each scene where it predominates, leaves  
wide

wide blanks of desolated boughs, amidst foliage yet fresh, and verdant. Before it's decay, we sometimes see it's leaf tinged with a fine yellow, well contrasted with the neighbouring greens. But this is one of nature's casual beauties. Much oftener it's leaf decays in a dark, muddy, unpleasing tint. And yet sometimes, notwithstanding this early loss of it's foliage, we see the ash, in a sheltered situation, when the rains have been abundant, and the season mild, retain it's green, (a light pleasant green) when the oak and the elm, in it's neighbourhood, have put on their autumnal attire.

Another disagreeable circumstance attends the ash, which is indeed it's misfortune, rather than it's fault. It's leaf and rind are nutritive to deer; and much used in browsing them in summer. The keepers of the forest therefore seek out all the ash-trees they can find, which are for this purpose mangled, and deformed.

One thing more I should mention with regard to the ash, as it is of picturesque nature, and that is the beauty of it's roots, which are often finely veined, and will take a good polish. Dr. Plot, in his natural history



of Oxfordshire\*, speaks of certain knotty excrescences in the ash, called the *brusca*, and *mollusca*, which when cut, and polished, are very beautiful. He particularly mentions a dining table, made of the latter, which represents the exact figure of a fish.

With regard to these *exact figures* of animals, and other objects, which we meet with both in stone, and wood, I cannot say I should value them much as objects of beauty. They may be whimsical, and curious; but in my opinion, the roots, and veins of wood, and stone, are much more beautiful, when they are wreathed in different fantastic forms; than when they *seem to aim* at any *exact figures*. In the former case they leave the imagination at liberty to play among them; which is always a pleasing exercise to it: in the latter, they are at best awkward, and unnatural likenesses; which often disgust the picturesque eye; and always please it less, than following it's own fancy, and picking out resemblances of it's own.

Another curiosity in the ash, which is likewise of the picturesque kind, is a sort of

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\* Chap. vi. sec. 80.

excreſcence, which is ſometimes found on a leading branch, called a *wreathed fascia*. The ſcſciated branch is twiſted, and curled in a very beautiful form; which form it probably takes, as Dr. Plot ſuppoſes, from too quick an aſcent of the ſap\*: or as other naturaliſts imagine, from the puncture of ſome inſect in the tender twig, which diverts the ſap from it's uſual channel, and makes the branch monſtrous. The wreathed ſcſcia is ſometimes found in other wood, in the willow particularly, and in the holly; but moſt commonly it is an excreſcence of the aſh. I have a ſcſciated branch of aſh, found in the woods of Beaulieu in new-foreſt, which is moſt elegantly twiſted in the form of a crozier. I have ſeen a holly alſo twiſted like a ram's horn. We have this appearance ſometimes in aſparagus.

It is not uncommon for the ſeeds of trees, and particularly of the aſh, to ſeize on ſome faulty part of a neighbouring trunk, and there ſtrike root. Dr. Plot† ſpeaks of

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\* See Nat. hiſt. Oxf. ch. vi. ſec. 82.

† See Nat. hiſt. Oxf. ch. vi. ſec. 79.

a piece of vegetable violence of this kind, which is rather extraordinary. An ash-key rooting itself on a decayed willow; and finding, as it increased, a deficiency of nourishment in the mother-plant, it began to insinuate it's fibres by degrees through the trunk of the willow into the earth. There receiving an additional recruit, it began to thrive, and expand itself to such a size, that it burst the willow in pieces, which fell away from it on every side; and what was before the root of the ash, being now exposed to the air, became the solid trunk of a vigorous tree.

As a beautiful variety of the tree we are now examining, the *mountain-ash*, often called the *roan-tree*, should be mentioned. It's name denotes the place of it's usual residence. Inured to cold, and rugged scenes, it is the hardy inhabitant of the northern parts of this island. Sometimes it is found in softer climes; but there it generally discovers by it's stunted growth, that it does not occupy the situation it loves.

In ancient days, when superstition held that place in society, which dissipation, and impiety now hold, the mountain-ash was considered as an object of great veneration. Often at  
this

this day a stump of it is found in some old burying place ; or near the circle of a Druid temple, whose rites it formerly invested with it's sacred shade. It's chief merit now consists in being the ornament of landscape. In the Scottish highlands it becomes a considerable tree. There on some rocky mountain covered with dark pines, and waving birch which cast a solemn gloom over the lake below, a few mountain-ashes joining in a clump, and mixing with them, have a fine effect. In summer, the light green tint of their foliage ; and in autumn, the glowing berries, which hang clustering upon them, contrast beautifully with the deeper green of the pines ; and if they are happily blended ; and not in too large a proportion, they add some of the most picturesque furniture, with which the sides of those rugged mountains are invested.

After the oak, and ash, we examine the elm. The oak and the ash have each a distinct character. The massy form of the one, dividing into abrupt, twisting, irregular limbs, yet compact in it's foliage ; and the easy sweep of the other, the simplicity of it's branches,  
and



and the looseness of its hanging leaves, characterize both these trees with so much precision, that at any distance, at which the eye can distinguish the form, it may also distinguish the difference. The elm has not so distinct a character. It partakes so much of the oak; that when it is rough, and old, it may easily, at a little distance, be mistaken for one: tho the oak, I mean such an oak as is strongly marked with its peculiar character, can never be mistaken for the elm. This is certainly a defect in the elm; for strong characters are a great source of picturesque beauty.

This defect however appears chiefly in the skeleton of the elm. In full foliage, its character is better marked. No tree is better adapted to receive grand masses of light. In this respect it is superior, not only to the oak, and the ash, but perhaps to every other tree. Nor is its foliage, shadowing as it is, of the heavy kind. Its leaves are small, and this gives it a natural lightness; it commonly hangs loosely; and is in general, very picturesque.

The elm naturally grows upright; and when it meets with a soil it loves, rises higher than the generality of trees; and after it has  
assumed

assumed the dignity, and hoary roughness of age, few of it's forest-brethren (tho, properly speaking, it is not a forester) excel it in grandeur, and beauty.

The elm is the first tree, that salutes the early spring with it's light, and cheerful green—a tint, which contrasts agreeably with the oak, whose early leaf has generally more of the olive-cast. We see them sometimes in fine harmony together, about the end of april, and the beginning of may. We often also see the elm planted with the Scotch fir. In the spring it's light green is very discordant with the gloomy hue of it's companion: but as the year advances, the elm-leaf takes a darker tint, and unites in harmony with the fir.—In autumn also the yellow leaf of the elm mixes as kindly with the orange of the beech, the ocher of the oak, and many of the other fading hues of the wood.

A species of this tree, called the wich-elm, is perhaps generally more picturesque, than the common sort, at least on a fore-ground, as it hangs more negligently: tho, at the same time, with this negligence, it loses in a good degree, that happy surface for catching masses of light, which we admire in the common elm, and  
which

which adapts it better to a distance. We observe also, when we see this tree in company with the common elm, that it's bark is somewhat of a lighter hue. The wich-elm is a native of Scotland, where it is found not only in the plains, and vallies of the lowlands; but is hardy enough to climb the steeps, and flourish in the remotest highlands: tho it does not attain, in those climates, the size, which it attains in England. Naturalists suppose the wich-elm to be the only species of this tree, which is indigenous to our island.

There is another variety also of this tree, called the weeping elm. Whether it's timber is less useful, or it is propagated with greater difficulty, I know not; but I have rarely met with it. The finest of this species I have seen, grow in St. John's walks at Cambridge. An eye accustomed to the tree, will easily perceive that it's branches are more penfile, and it's leaves of smaller dimensions, than those of the common elm.

An old elm, which grew formerly in the grove at Magdalen college in Oxford, was by some accident disbarked entirely round. A malady of this kind is generally reckoned fatal to all the vegetable race. But this tree  
 flourished

flourished after it, as well as any tree in the grove. The probable reasons of this uncommon appearance are given us by the learned author of the natural history of Oxfordshire, in a long philosophical enquiry, which may be found in the 166th page of that work. I have heard also, but I know not on what authority, of another disbarked elm, growing at this time, vigorously at Kenfington.

The oak, the ash, and the elm, are commonly dignified, in our English woods, as a distinct class, by the title of *timber-trees*. But the picturesque eye scorns the narrow conceptions of a timber-merchant; and with equal complacency takes in the whole offspring of the wood: tho it must be owned, the three species already characterized, are both the most useful, and the most picturesque. We esteem it fortunate, when the idea of picturesque beauty coincides with that of utility, as the two ideas are often at variance.

After timber-trees, the beech deserves our notice. Some indeed rank the beech among timber-trees; but, I believe in general it does  
not



not find that respect; as it's wood is of a soft, spongy nature; sappy, and alluring to the worm. And yet I have heard, that it has lately been found to answer as well, as elm, in forming the keels, stems, and stern-posts of the largest ships.

In point of picturesque beauty I am not inclined to rank the beech much higher, than in point of utility. It's skeleton, compared with that of the trees we have just examined, is very deficient. It's trunks, we allow, is often highly picturesque. It is studded with bold knobs and projections; and has sometimes a sort of irregular fluting about it, which is very characteristic. It has another peculiarity also, which is sometimes pleasing; that of a number of stems arising from the root. The bark too wears often a pleasant hue. It is naturally of a dingy olive; but it is always overspread, in patches, with a variety of mosses, and lichens, which are commonly of a lighter tint, in the upper parts; and of a deep velvet-green towards the root. It's smoothness also contrasts agreeably with these rougher appendages. No bark tempts the lover so much to make it the depository of his

his mistress's name. It conveys a happy emblem :

—— crescent illæ; crescetis amores.

But having praised the trunk, we can praise no other part of the skeleton. The branches are fantastically wreathed, and disproportioned; twining awkwardly among each other; and running often into long unvaried lines, without any of that strength and firmness, which we admire in the oak; or of that easy simplicity which pleases in the ash: in short, we rarely see a beech well ramified. In full leaf it is equally unpleasing; it has the appearance of an overgrown bush. Virgil indeed was right in chusing the beech for its shade. No tree forms so complete a roof. If you wish either for shade, or shelter, you will find it best

—— patulæ sub tegmine fagi.

This bushiness gives a great heaviness to the tree; which is always a deformity. What lightness it has, disgusts. You will sometimes see a light branch issuing from a heavy mass: and tho such pendent branches are often beautiful in themselves; they are seldom in harmony with the tree. They distinguish  
however

however it's character, which will be seen best by comparing it with the elm. The elm forms a rounder; the beech a more pointed foliage. But the former is always in harmony with itself.

On the whole, the massy, full-grown, luxuriant beech is rather a displeasing tree. It is made up of littlenesses; seldom exhibiting those tufted cups, or hollow dark recesses, which dispart the several grand branches of the more beautiful kinds of trees. Sometimes however, we see in beeches of happy composition the foliage falling in large flakes, or layers, between which the shadows have a forcible effect, when the tree is strongly illuminated.

Contrary to the general nature of trees, the beech is most pleasing in it's juvenile state; as it has not yet acquired that heaviness, which is it's most faulty distinction. A light, airy, young beech, with it's spiry branches, hanging, as I have just described them in easy forms, is often beautiful. I have seen also the forest-beech, in a dry, hungry soil, preserve the lightness of youth, in the maturity of age.

After

After all however, we mean not to repudiate even the heavy, luxuriant beech in picturesque composition. It has sometimes it's beauty, and oftener it's use. In distance it preserves the depth of the forest\*; and even on the spot, in contrast, it is frequently a choice accompaniment. In the corner of a landscape, when we want a thick heavy tree, or part of one at least, which is often necessary, nothing answers our purpose like the beech.—But at present we are not considering the beech in composition; but only as an individual; and in this light it is, in which we chiefly conceive it as an object of disapprobation.

We should not conclude our remarks on the beech without mentioning it's autumnal hues. In this respect it is often beautiful. Sometimes it is dressed in modest brown; but generally in glowing orange: and in both dresses it's harmony with the grove, is pleasing. About the end of september, when the leaf begins to change, it makes a happy contrast with the oak, whose foliage is yet verdant.

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\* We call the forest *deep*, when we cannot see through it; so that at a distance a thin wood of beeches will have the effect of a large one.



Some of the finest oppositions of tint, which perhaps the forest can furnish, arise from the union of oak, and beech. We often see a wonderful effect from this combination. And yet accommodating as it's leaf is in landscape, on handling, it feels as if it were fabricated with metallic rigour. In it's autumnal state it almost crackles :

———*Leni crepitabat bractea vento.*

For this reason, I suppose, as it's rigour gives it an elastic quality, the common people in France, and Switzerland use it for their beds.

I have dwelt the longer on the beech, as notwithstanding my severity, it is a tree of picturesque fame; and I did not chuse to condemn, without giving my reasons. It has acquired it's reputation, I suppose, chiefly from it's having a peculiar character; and this, with all it's defects, it certainly has. I may add also, that if objects receive merit from their associated, as well as from their intrinsic qualities, the dry soil, and salubrious air, in which the beech generally flourishes, give it a high degree of estimation.

Nearly

Nearly allied to the beech in a picturesque light, is the horn-beam. It grows like it, when it is suffered to grow ; but it is generally seen only in clipped hedges, where it is obedient to the knife ; and with a little care will never presume to appear out of form. It's wood is white, tough, and flexible.

The deciduous trees, which I have described, hold certainly the first rank. I shall however touch on a few others, which tho neither so beautiful, nor so characteristic, are however worth the notice of the picturesque eye.

Among these the first place is due to two noble trees of the same kind, both naturalized in England—tho from different extremes of the globe—the *occidental* and the *oriental* plane.

The *occidental* plane is a native of America ; but has long been known in England ; where it attains a considerable growth ; tho inferior, no doubt, to what it attains in it's native soil. It's stem is very picturesque. It is smooth, and of a light ash-colour ; and has the property of throwing off it's bark in scales ; thus

naturally cleansing itself, at least it's larger boughs, from moss, and other parasitical incumbrances. This would be no recommendation of it in a picturesque light, if the removal of these incumbrances did not substitute as great a beauty in their room. These scales are very irregular; falling off sometimes in one part; and sometimes in another: and as the under bark, immediately after excoriation, is of a lighter hue than the upper, it offers to the pencil those smart touches, which have so much effect in painting. These flakes however would be more beautiful, if they fell off more in semi-circular laminæ. They would correspond, and unite better with the circular form of the bole.

No tree forms a more pleasing shade than the occidental plane. It is full-leaved, and it's leaf is large, smooth, of a fine texture, and seldom injured by insects. It's lower branches shooting horizontally, soon take a direction to the ground; and the spray seems more sedulous, than that of any tree we have, by twisting about in various forms, to fill up every little vacuity with shade. At the same time, it must be owned, the twisting of it's branches is a disadvantage to this tree, as we have just observed it is to the beech, when it is stripped  
of

of it's leaves, and reduced to a skeleton.—It has not the natural appearance, which the spray of the oak, and that of many other trees discovers in winter: tho I have heard, that in America, where it grows naturally, it grows more freely; and does not exhibit that twisting in it's branches.—It's foliage, from the largeness of the leaf, and the mode of it's growth, does not make the most picturesque appearance.—One of the finest occidental planes I am acquainted with, tho I have heard of larger, stands in the vicarage-garden at Vicar's-hill; where it's boughs, feathering to the ground, form a canopy of above fifty feet in diameter.

The *oriental* plane is a tree nearly of the same kind, only it's leaf is more palmated; nor has it so great a disposition to overshadow the ground, as the occidental plane: At least I never saw any in our climate form so noble a shade; tho in the east, it is esteemed among the most shady, and most magnificent of trees. Lady Craven speaks of some she saw in the Turkish dominions of a size so gigantic, that the largest trees we have in England placed near them, would appear only like broom-

E 3

sticks.



sticks\*. In Italy a very noble collection of them form the avenue to the convent of Grotta-Ferrata, near Frascati, which is said to occupy the exact site of Tully's Tusculan villa, about twelve miles from Rome, on the Alban hill. The tree at the end of the avenue, farthest from the convent, and close to a plentiful spring, exceeds the rest in size, and beauty. This convent is often visited for the sake of a picture by Dominichino.

The oriental plane I believe sheds it's bark like the occidental; and the catkins of both are round, spicated balls, about the size of walnuts; and fastened together often in pairs, like chain-shot. From this circumstance, the occidental plane is called in America, the button-tree. It flourishes there commonly by the sides of creeks, and rivers, and is of quick growth. The oriental plane, I believe, loves the same soil: at least both trees in England are fond of moist ground.

Kempfer tells us†, that at Jedo the capital of Japan, he found a species of this tree, the leaves of which were beautifully variegated,

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\* Letter 47.

† See p. 524.

like the tricolor, with red, green, and yellow. An appearance of this kind is so contrary to nature's usual mode of colouring the leaves of forest-trees; that I should rather suspect, Kempfer saw it, either when the leaves were in the wane, or blasted, or in some other unnatural state.

I may add, with regard to the occidental plane; and indeed, I believe, with regard to both the trees of this species, that their summer leaf wears so light a hue, as to mix ill with the foliage of the oak, the elm, and other trees. I have seen them on the skirts of a plantation, forming, during the summer, a disagreeable spot. In autumn, their leaves receive a mellow tint, which harmonizes very well with the waning colours of the wood—I have heard of other varieties of these foreign planes; but if there are, I am unacquainted with them.

One singularity of this tree may be mentioned, which I believe runs through all its varieties. The stem of every leaf forms, at its insertion into the spray, a little calix, or cup, which covers, and defends the bud of the succeeding year. In autumn you easily discover it by pulling off a decaying leaf.

The poplar tribe shall be considered next. They are numerous, and some of them picturesque. They are at least stately trees: but their thin quivering foliage is neither adapted to catch masses of light, like that of the elm; nor has it the hanging lightness of the ash. It's chief use in landscape is to mix as a variety, in contrast with other trees.

Within these few years the Lombardy-poplar, which graces the banks of the Po, has been much introduced in English plantations. It seems to like a British soil; and it's youth is promising: but I have never seen it in full maturity. It's conic form as a deciduous tree, is peculiar. Among evergreens we find the same character in the cypress; and both trees in many situations have a good effect. The cypress often, among the ruins of ancient Rome, breaks the regularity of a wall, or a pediment by it's conic form: and the poplar on the banks of the Po, no doubt has the same effect among it's deciduous brethren, by forming the apex of a clump: tho I have been told that, in it's age, it loses it's shape in some degree, and spreads more into a head. The oldest  
 poplars

poplars of this kind I have seen, are at Blenheim. They are not old trees; but are very tall; and, I believe still preserve their spiry form.

One beauty the Italian poplar possesses, which is almost peculiar to itself; and that is the waving line it forms, when pressed by wind. Most trees in this circumstance are partially agitated. One side is at rest; while the other, is in motion. But the Italian poplar waves in one simple sweep from the top to the bottom, like an ostrich-feather on a lady's head. All the branches coincide in the motion: and the least blast makes an impression upon it, when other trees are at rest. I mentioned, among the adventitious beauties of trees, their *susceptibility of motion*\*: but in painting I know not, that I should represent any kind of motion in a tree, except that of a violent storm. When the blast is loud, and boisterous; when the black heavens are in unison with it, and help to tell the story, an oak straining in the wind, is an object of picturesque beauty. But when the gentle breezes, pressing upon the quiver-

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\* See page 21.



ing poplar, bends it only in easy motion, while a serene sky indicates the heavens to be at peace, there is nothing to act in concert with the motion of the tree: it seems to have taken it's form from the influence of a sea air, or some other malign impresson; and exhibiting an unnatural appearance, disgusts.— One thing more I should mention with regard to the Italian poplar, which is, that altho it sometimes has a good effect, when standing single; it generally has a better, when two or three are planted in a group.

The walnut is not an unpicturesque tree. The warm, ruflet hue of it's young foliage makes a pleasing variety among the vivid green of other trees, about the end of may: and the same variety is maintained in summer, by the contrast of it's yellowish hue, when mixed in any quantity, with trees of a darker tint: but it opens it's leaves so late, and drops them so early, that it cannot long be in harmony with the grove. It stands best alone; and the early loss of it's foliage is of the less consequence, as it's ramification is generally beautiful.

The

The lime is an elegant tree, where it is suffered to grow at large: but we generally see it in a strait bondage, clipped into shape, and forming the sides of avenues, and vistas. But in it's best state it is not very interesting. It has a uniformity of surface, without any of those breaks, and hollows, which the most picturesque trees present; and which give their foliage so much beauty. One circumstance however should recommend the lime to all lovers of the imitative arts. No wood is so easily formed under the carver's chissel. It is the wood, which the ingenious Gibbon used, after making trial of several kinds, as the most proper for that curious sculpture, which adorns some of the old houses of our nobility.

The maple is an uncommon tree, tho a common bush. It's wood is of little value; and it is therefore rarely suffered to increase. We seldom see it employed in any nobler service, than in filling up it's part in a hedge, in company with thorns, and briars, and other ditch trumpery. Yet the ancients held it in  
great

great repute. Pliny \* speaks as highly of the knobs, and excrescences of this tree, called the *brusca* and *mollusca*, as Dr. Plot does of those of the ash†. The veins of these excrescences in the maple, Pliny tells us, were so variegated, that they exceeded the beauty of any other wood; even of the citron: tho the citron was in such repute at Rome, that Cicero, who was neither rich, or expensive, was tempted to give ten thousand sesterces for a citron table. The *brusca* and *mollusca*, Pliny adds, were rarely of size sufficient for the larger species of furniture; but in all smaller cabinet-work they were inestimable. But indeed the whole tree was esteemed by the ancients, on account of its variegated wood. In Ovid we find it thus celebrated:

—————acerque coloribus impar ‡.

How far at this day, it may be valued for cabinet-work, I know not. I have, here and there, seen boxes, and other little things made of it, which I have thought beautiful. But I

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\* See Plin. Nat. hist. lib. xvi. ch. 16.

† See page 35: see also Plin. Nat. hist. lib. xiii. ch. 15.

‡ Met. lib. x. v. 1.

am told, that in North America, where it grows wild, it is in much esteem. When the cabinet-maker meets with a knotted tree of this kind, which is there called the *curled maple*, he prizes it highly.

In the few instances I have met with of this tree in a state of maturity, it's form has appeared picturesque. It is not unlike the oak ; but is more bushy ; and it's branches are closer, and more compact. One of the largest maples I have seen, stands in the church-yard of Bol-dre, in new-forest : but I have not met with specimens enough of this tree to form an opinion of it's general character.

The great maple, commonly called the *sycamore*, is a grander, and nobler tree, than the smaller maple ; but it wants it's elegance : it is coarse in proportion to it's bulk. It forms however an impenetrable shade ; and often receives well-contrasted masses of light. It's bark has not the furrowed roughness of the oak ; but it has a species of roughness very picturesque. In itself, it is smooth : but it peels off in large flakes, like the planes, (to which in other respects, it bears a near alliance)

leaving



leaving patches of different hues, seams, and cracks, which are often picturesque.

The chesnut in maturity and perfection, is a noble tree ; and grows not unlike the oak. It's ramification is more straggling ; but it is easy, and it's foliage loose. This is the tree, which graces the landscapes of Salvator Rosa. In the mountains of Calabria, where Salvator painted, the chesnut flourished. There he studied it in all it's forms, breaking and disposing it in a thousand beautiful shapes, as the exigences of his composition required. I have heard indeed that it is naturally brittle, and liable to be shattered by winds ; which might be one reason for Salvator's attachment to it.—But altho I have many times seen the chesnut in England, old enough to be in a fruit-bearing state ; yet I have seldom seen it in a state of full picturesque maturity. The best I have seen, stand on the banks of the Tamer in Cornwall, at an old house, belonging to the Edgumbe family. I have heard also that at Beechworth-castle, in Surry, there are not fewer than seventy or eighty chesnuts, measuring from twelve to eighteen or twenty feet in girth, and some of  
them

them of very picturesque form : but I saw them only at a distance. In Kent also the chesnut is frequently found.

It is said indeed, that this tree was once very common in England, and that beams of it are often seen at this day, in churches, and old houses. In the belfry particularly of the church at Sutton, near Mitcham in Surry, I have seen beams, which are like oak ; yet plainly appear to be of a different kind of timber ; and are supposed to be chesnut. I have often heard also, that the timber of the old houses of London was of chesnut. Whether this tree was ever indigenous to this country seems to be matter of speculation. As it's timber is said to be serviceable, and as it's fruit, tho rarely of perfect growth in this climate, might however be of some use ; we are at a loss to conceive, if it had once gotten footing amongst us, how it should ever be, as it now is, almost totally exterminated. Some have endeavoured to account for this, by shewing, that it is not so good a timber-tree, as is supposed ; for it decays at the heart ; and will continue decaying, till it become merely a shell, and for this reason it has been less sought after, and encouraged. How far this may be true I know

know not. I rather suspect it's truth\*. Some years ago Mr. Daines Barrington read a paper to the royal society, in which he endeavoured to prove, that the chesnut was not indigenous to this country. Dr. Ducarel answered him, and alledged from ancient records, and other evidences, that chesnut formerly abounded in many woody scenes in England; and was certainly a native of this island. Among the ancient records, to which he appeals, one is dated in the time of Henry II. It is a deed of gift from Roger, earl of Hereford, to Flexley abbey, to the tythe of all his chesnuts in the forest of Dean†.

The horse-chesnut is a heavy, disagreeable tree. It forms it's foliage generally in a round mass, with little appearance of those breaks, which, we have observed, contribute to give an airiness and lightness, at least a richness,

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\* In the tenth volume of the Transactions of the society for the encouragement of arts, &c. some instances are given of it's being a very useful timber-tree.

† See four letters on chesnut-trees, read before the royal society 1771.

and variety to the whole mass of foliage. This tree is however chiefly admired for it's flower, which *in itself* is beautiful: but the whole tree together in flower is a glaring object, totally unharmonious, and unpicturesque. The park at Hampton-court, planted, I believe by king William, is a superb specimen of a plantation of horse-chestnuts. In some situations indeed, and among a profusion of other wood, a single tree or two, in bloom, may be beautiful. As it forms an admirable shade, it may be of use too in thickening distant scenery; or in skreening an object at hand: for there is no species of foliage, however heavy, nor any species of bloom, however glaring, which may not be brought, by some proper contrast, to produce a good effect.

The weeping willow is a very picturesque tree. It is a perfect contrast to what we have just observed of the Lombardy poplar. The light, airy spray of the poplar rises perpendicularly. That of the weeping willow is pendent. The shape of it's leaf is conformable to the penfile character of the tree; and it's spray, which is still lighter than that of the



poplar, is more easily put in motion by a breath of air. The weeping willow however is not adapted to sublime subjects. We wish it not to screen the broken buttresses, and Gothic windows of an abbey, nor to overshadow the battlements of a ruined castle. These offices it resigns to the oak; whose dignity can support them. The weeping willow seeks a humbler scene—some romantic foot-path bridge, which it half conceals—or some glassy pool, over which it hangs it's streaming foliage;

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—and dips

It's pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.

In these situations it appears in character; and of course, to advantage.—I have heard indeed that the weeping willow is not naturally an aquatic plant; but it's being commonly believed to be so, is ground enough to establish it as such, in landscape at least, tho not in botany.

The weeping willow is the only one of it's tribe, that is beautiful. Botanists, I believe, enumerate sixteen species of the willow. Some of them, I have seen attain a very remarkable size. I remember seeing one in a meadow near Witham in Essex, which spread over a  
space

space of ground, measuring twenty-nine paces. But in general, all the trees of this sort are of straggling ramification, and without any of that elegant streaming form, which we admire in the weeping willow. I should rarely therefore advise their use in painting; except as pollards to characterize a marshy country; or to mark in a second distance, the winding banks of a heavy, low-sunk river, which could not otherwise be noticed. Some willows indeed I have thought beautiful, and fit to appear in the decoration of any rural scene. The kind I have most admired, has a small narrow leaf, and wears a pleasant, light, sea green tint; which mixes agreeably with foliage of a deeper hue. I am not acquainted with the botanical name of this species, but I believe the botanists call it the *salix alba*.

The withy, or *salix fragilis*, is the most inconsiderable of it's tribe. Like others of it's kindred, it will grow in any soil; tho it loves a moist one. It is of little value in landscape, and yet there is something beautiful in it's silver-coated catkins; which open, as the year advances, into elegant hanging tufts; and when

the tree is large, and in full bloom, make a beautiful variety among the early productions of the spring.

Nearly related to the willow tribe, tho in nature rather than in form, is the *alder*. They both love a low moist soil; and frequently the banks of rivers; tho it may be alledged in favour of both, that they will flourish in the poorest forest swamps, where nothing else will grow. The alder is however the more picturesque tree, both in it's ramification, and in it's foliage; perhaps indeed it is the most picturesque of any of the aquatic tribe, except the weeping willow. He who would see the alder in perfection, must follow the banks of the Mole in Surry, through the sweet vales of Dorking, and Mickleham, into the groves of Esher. The Mole indeed is far from being a beautiful river: it is a silent and sluggish stream. But what beauty it it has, it owes greatly to the alder; which every where fringes it's meadows, and in many places forms pleasing scenes; especially in the vale between Box-hill, and the high grounds of Norbury-park.

Some

Some of the largest alders we have in England, grow in the bishop of Durham's park at Aukland-castle. The generality of trees acquire picturesque beauty by age : but it is not often that they are suffered to attain this picturesque period. Some use is commonly found for them long before that time. The oak falls for the greater purposes of man ; and the alder is ready to supply a variety of his smaller wants. An old tree therefore of any kind is a curiosity ; and even an alder, such as those at Aukland-castle, when dignified by age, makes a respectable figure. The circumference of the largest of these trees is nine feet ten inches, at four feet from the surface.—There are many noble alders also in the park at Hagley.

The birch may have several varieties, with which I am unacquainted. The most common species of it in England, are the black, and the white. The former is a native of Canada ; the latter of Britain. Of the white birch there is a very beautiful variety, sometimes called the lady-birch, or the weeping-birch. It's spray being slenderer and longer, than the common sort, forms an elegant, penfile foliage,

F 3

like.



like the weeping willow; and like it, is put in motion by the least breath of air. When agitated, it is well adapted to characterize a storm; or to perform any office in landscape, which is expected from the weeping willow.

The stem of the birch is generally marked with brown, yellow, and silvery touches, which are peculiarly picturesque; as they are characteristic objects of imitation for the pencil; and as they contrast agreeably with the dark green hue of the foliage. But only the stem, and larger branches have this varied colouring: the spray is of a deep brown. As the birch grows old, its bark becomes rough and furrowed. It loses all its varied tints, and assumes a uniform, ferruginous hue.

The bark of this tree has the property (perhaps peculiar to itself,) of being more firm, and durable than the wood it invests. Of this the peasants of Sweden, Lapland, and other northern countries, (where birch is abundant,) take the advantage; and shaping it like tiles, cover their houses with it.—How very durable it is, we have a remarkable instance in Maupertuis's travels. When that philosopher traversed Lapland to measure a degree of latitude, he was obliged to pass through vast forests,

forests, consisting intirely of birch. The soil in some parts of these wastes being very shallow, or very loose, the trees had not a sufficient footing for their roots, and became an easy prey to winds. In these places Maupertuis found as many trees blown down, as standing. He examined several of them, and was surprized to see that in such as had lain long, the substance of of the wood was intirely gone; but the bark remained a hollow trunk without any signs of decay.—I have heard, that the bark of the black cherry-tree in North America, which grows there to a great size, has the same property.

Among elegant, pendent trees, the acacia should not be forgotten; tho the acacia, which we have in England, (called by the botanist, the *robinia*) is perhaps only a poor substitute of this plant in it's greatest perfection. And yet even ours, when we have it full grown, is often a very beautiful tree, whether it feathers to the ground, as it sometimes does; or whether it is adorned with a light foliage hanging from the stem. But it's beauty is very frail. It is of all trees the least able to endure the blast. In some sheltered spot, it may ornament a garden; but it is by no means,

qualified to adorn an exposed country. It's wood is of so brittle a texture, especially when it is encumbered with a weight of foliage; that you can never depend upon it's aid in filling up the part you wish. The branch you admire to-day, may be demolished to-morrow. The misfortune is, the acacia is not one of those grand objects, like the oak, whose dignity is often increased by ruin. It depends on it's *beauty*, rather than it's *grandeur*, which is a quality much more liable to injury.—I may add however in it's favour, that if it be easily injured, it repairs the injury more quickly, than any other tree. Few trees make so rapid a growth.

In one of the memoirs published by the agricultural society at Paris, the virtues of this tree are highly extolled. It's shade encourages the growth of grass. It's roots are so tenacious of the soil, and shoot up in such groves of suckers, that when planted on the banks of rivers, it contributes exceedingly to fix them as barriers against the incursions of the stream. Acacia-stakes too are as durable as those of any wood. In North-America this tree is much valued; in proof of which the memorialist tells a story of a farmer in Long-island, who planted an  
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ordinary



ordinary field of fourteen acres with suckers of this plant, in the year of his marriage, as a portion for his children. His eldest son married at twenty-two. On this occasion the farmer cut about three hundred pounds worth of timber out of his acacia wood, which he gave his son to buy a settlement in Lancaster county. Three years after, he did as much for a daughter. And thus he provided for his whole family ; the wood in the mean time repairing by suckers, all the losses it received.

I shall conclude my account of deciduous trees with the larch, which is a kind of connecting species between them, and the race of ever-greens. Tho it sheds it's leaf with the former ; it bears a cone, is resinous, and ramifies like the latter. It claims the Alps, and Apennines for it's native country ; where it thrives in higher regions of the air, than any tree of it's consequence is known to do ; hanging over rocks, and precipices, which have never been visited by human feet. Often it is felled by the alpine peasant, and thrown athwart some yawning chasm, where it affords a tremendous passage from cliff to cliff ; while  
the



the cataract roaring many fathoms below, is seen only in surges of rising vapour.

In ancient times the larch was employed in still more arduous service. When Hannibal laid the cliffs bare, and heaped up piles of timber to melt the rocks, (so Livy tells us) the larch was his fuel: its unctuous sides soon spread the flame; and as the gloom of evening came on, the appendages of a numerous host, elephants, and floating banners, and gleaming arms formed terrific images through the night; while the lofty summits of the Alps were illumined far and wide.

Strabo speaks of alpine trees (which most probably were larches) of a very great size. Many of them, he says, would measure eight feet in diameter\*. And at this day, masts of single larches measuring from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty feet in length, have been floated from Valais, through the lake of Geneva, and down the Rhone, to Toulon; tho I have heard they are in no great esteem among the contractors for the French dock-yards.

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\* Lib. iv. p. 202.

In the memoirs of the royal society of agriculture at Paris for the year 1787, there is an essay by M. le President de la Tour d'Aigues, on the culture of the larch; in which it is celebrated as one of the most useful of all timber-trees. He tells us, that in his own garden he has rails, which were put up in the year 1743, partly of oak, and partly of larch. The former, he says, have yielded to time; but the latter are still found. And in his castle of Tour d'Aigues, he has larchen beams of twenty inches square, which are found, tho above two hundred years old. The finest trees he knows of this kind, grow in some parts of Dauphiny, and in the forest of Baye in Provence, where there are larches, he tells us, which two men cannot fathom.—I have heard, that old, dry larch will take such a polish as to become almost transparent; and that, in this state it may be wrought into the most beautiful wainscot.—In my encomium of the larch, I must not omit, that the old painters used it, more than any other wood, to paint on, before the use of canvas became general. Many of Raphael's pictures are painted on boards of larch.

The

The larch we have in England, compared with the larch of the Alps, is a diminutive plant. It is little more than the puny inhabitant of a garden; or the embellishment of some trifling artificial scene. The characters of grand and noble seldom belong to it. It is however an elegant tree; tho, in our soil at least, too formal in it's growth. Among it's native steeps it's form, no doubt, is fully picturesque; when the storms of many a century have shattered it's equal sides; and given contrast and variety to it's boughs.

From deciduous trees, we proceed to evergreens.—Of these the cedar of Lebanon claims our first notice. To it preeminence belongs; not only on account of it's own dignity; but on account of the respectable mention, which is every where made of it in scripture. Solomon spake of trees *from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall*: that is, from the greatest to the least. —The eastern writers are indeed the principal sources, from whom we are to obtain the true character of the cedar; as it is an eastern



eastern tree. In the sacred writers particularly we are presented with many noble images drawn from it's several qualities. It is generally employed by the prophets to express strength, power, and longevity. The strength of the cedar is used as an emblem to express the power even of Jehovah. *The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.* David characterizes the palm-tree, and the cedar together, both very strongly. *The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree; and spread abroad like a cedar of Lebanon.* The *flourishing* head of the palm, and the *spreading abroad* of the cedar, are equally characteristic.

But the prophet Ezekiel hath given us the fullest description of the cedar.

“Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches; and with a shadowing shroud; and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. His boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long. The fir trees were not like his boughs; nor the chestnut trees, like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God like unto him in beauty\*.”

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\* Ezek. xxxi.



In this description two of the principal characteristics of the cedar are marked.

The first is the multiplicity, and length of his branches. Few trees divide so many fair branches from the main stem ; or spread over so large a compass of ground. *His boughs are multiplied*, as Ezekiel says, and *his branches became long* ; which David calls *spreading abroad*. His very *boughs* are equal to the *stem* of a fir, or a chestnut.

The second characteristic is, what Ezekiel, with great beauty, and aptness, calls his *shadowing shroud*. No tree in the forest is more remarkable than the cedar, for it's close-woven, leafy canopy.

Ezekiel's cedar is marked as a tree of full, and perfect growth, from the circumstance of it's top, being *among the thick boughs*. Every young tree has a leading branch, or two, which continue spiring above the rest, till the tree has attained it's full size : then it becomes in the language of the nursery-man, *clump-headed* ; but, in the language of eastern sublimity, it's top is among *the thick boughs* ; that is, no distinction of any spiry head, or leading branch, appears : the head and the branches are all mixed together. This is generally, in all

all trees, the state, in which they are most perfect and most beautiful: and this is the state of Ezekiel's cedar.

But tho Ezekiel hath given us this accurate description of the cedar; he hath left it's *strength*, which is it's *chief characteristic*, untouched. But the reason is evident. The cedar is here introduced as an emblem of Assyria; which tho vast, and wide-spreading, and come to full maturity, was in fact, on the eve of destruction. *Strength* therefore was the last idea, which the prophet wished to suggest. Strength is a relative term, compared with opposition. The Assyrian was strong compared with the powers of the earth; but weak, compared with the arm of the Almighty, which brought him to destruction. So his type, the cedar, was stronger than any of the trees of the forest: but weak in comparison with the ax, which cut him off, and left him (as the prophet expresses the vastness of his ruin) *spread upon the mountains, and in the vallies: while the nations shook at the sound of his fall.*

Such is the grandeur, and form of the cedar of Lebanon. It's mantling foliage, or *shadowing shroud*, as Ezekiel calls it, is it's greatest beauty;

beauty ; which arises from the horizontal growth of it's branches, forming a kind of sweeping, irregular penthouse. And when to the idea of beauty, that of strength is added by the pyramidal form of the stem, and the robustness of the limbs, the tree is complete in all it's beauty, and majesty.

In these climates indeed we cannot expect to see the cedar in such perfection. The forest of Lebanon is perhaps the only part of the world, where it's growth is perfect : yet we may in some degree conceive it's beauty and majesty, from the paltry resemblances of it at this distance from it's native soil. In it's *youth*, it is often with us a vigorous thriving plant ; and if the leading branch is not bound to a pole, (as many people deform their cedars,) but left to take it's natural course, and guide the stem after it in some irregular waving line ; it is often an object of great beauty. But in it's *maturer age*, the beauty of the English cedar is generally gone, it becomes shrivelled, deformed, and stunted ; it's body increases ; but it's limbs shrink, and wither. Thus it never gives us it's two leading qualities together. In it's youth we have some idea of  
it's

it's *beauty* without it's *strength*; and in it's advanced age we have some idea of it's *strength*, without it's *beauty*: the imagination therefore, by joining together the two different periods of it's age in this climate, may form some conception of the grandeur of the cedar, in it's own climate, where it's strength and beauty are united.—The best specimen of this tree, I ever saw in England, was at Hillington, near Uxbridge. The perpendicular height of it was fifty-three feet; it's horizontal expanse ninety-six; and it's girth fifteen and a half. When I saw it, in 1776, it was about one hundred and eighteen years of age; and being then completely clump-headed, it was a very noble, and picturesque tree. In the high winds about the beginning of the year 1790, this noble cedar was blown down. It's stem, when cut, was five feet in diameter.

After the cedar, the stone-pine deserves our notice. It is not indigenous to our soil, but like the cedar, it is in some degree naturalized; tho in England it is rarely more than a puny, half-formed resemblance of the Italian pine. The soft clime of Italy alone gives birth to t e



true picturesque pine\*. There it always suggests ideas of broken porticos, Ionic pillars, triumphal arches, fragments of old temples, and a variety of classic ruins, which in Italian landscape it commonly adorns.

The stone-pine promises little in it's infancy in point of picturesque beauty. It does not, like most of the fir-species, give an early indication of it's future form. In it's youth it is dwarfish, and round-headed, with a short stem, and has rather the shape of a full-grown bush, than of an increasing tree.—As it grows older, it does not soon deposit it's formal shape. But as it attains maturity, it's picturesque form increases fast. It's lengthening stem assumes commonly an easy sweep. It seldom indeed deviates much from a strait line: but that gentle deviation is very graceful; tho above all other lines difficult to trace. If accidentally either the stem, or any of the larger branches take a larger sweep, than usual, that sweep seldom fails to be graceful.—It is also among the beauties of the stone-pine, that as the lateral

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\* This seems to be a disputed point. Millar believes it is not indigenous in Italy: and indeed I never heard any traveller say he had met with it in any of the uncultivated parts of that country.

branches

branches decay, they leave generally stumps, which standing out in various parts of the stem, break the continuity of it's lines.

The bark is smother than that of any other tree of the pine-kind, except the Weymouth; tho we do not esteem this among it's picturesque beauties. It's hue however, which is warm and reddish, has a good effect; and it obtains a kind of roughness by peeling off in patches.

The foliage of the stone-pine is as beautiful as the stem. It's colour is a deep warm green; and it's form, instead of breaking into acute angles, like many of the pine-race, is moulded into a flowing line by an assemblage of small masses.

As age comes on, it's round clump-head becomes more flat, spreading itself into a canopy, which is a form equally becoming. And yet I doubt, whether any resinous tree ever attains that picturesque beauty in age, which we admire so much in the oak. The oak continues long vigorous in his branches, tho his trunk decays: but the resinous tree, I believe, decays more equally through all it's parts, and in age oftener presents the idea of vegetable decrepitude, than of the stout

remains of a vigorous constitution. And yet, in many circumstances, even in this state it may be an object of picturesque notice.

Thus we see, in the form of the stone-pine, what beauty may result from a tree with a round head, and without lateral branches; which requires indeed a good example to prove. When we look at an ash, or an elm, from which the lateral branches have been stripped, as is the practice in some countries, we are apt to think, that no tree, with a head placed on a long stem, can be beautiful; yet in nature's hands, (which can mould so many forms of beauty,) it may easily be effected.—Nature herself however does not always follow the rules of picturesque beauty in the production of this kind of object. The cabbage-tree, I suppose, is as ugly, as the stone-pine is picturesque.—The best specimen of the stone-pine I ever saw, grew in the botanical garden at Oxford. For the sake of the ground it occupied (I never heard any other reason suggested) it was lately cut down.

The most beautiful succedaneum of the stone-pine, which these climates afford, is the pinaster.

pinaster. The sweep of it's stem is similar, it's broken lateral branches likewise, and it's clump-head. Both trees also are equally irregular in their growth: but the pinaster is perhaps more picturesque in the roughness of it's dark-grey bark. On no trees have I seen broader, and better varied masses of light, and shade: but the closeness of the pinaster's foliage makes it's head sometimes too heavy.

The cluster-pine also is a beautiful tree, and approaches perhaps as near the stone-pine, as the pinaster does. But I scarce recollect ever to have seen it in a state of full maturity, and perfection. If we may judge however from a growth of thirty or forty years, (at which age I have often seen it) it shoots in so wild, and irregular a manner; so thick, rich, and bushy, that we may easily conceive how picturesque a plant it must be in a state of full perfection. It's cones too, which it bears in clusters, from whence it derives it's name, are a great ornament to it. In composition indeed such minutiae are of little value; but we are now considering trees as individuals.



The Weymouth-pine has very little picturesque beauty to recommend it. It is admired for it's polished bark. The painter's eye pays little attention to so trivial a circumstance, even when the tree is considered as a single object. Nay it's polished bark rather depreciates it's value: for the picturesque eye dwells with more pleasure on rough surfaces, than on smooth; it sees more richness in them, and more variety. But we object chiefly to the Weymouth-pine on account of the regularity of it's stem; and the meagreness of it's foliage. It's stem rises with perpendicular exactness; it rarely varies: and it's branches issue with equal formality from it's sides. It's foliage too is thin, and wants both richness and effect.—If I were speaking indeed of this tree in composition, I might add, that it may often appear to great advantage in a plantation. Contrast, we know, produces beauty even from deformity itself. Opposed therefore to the wildness of other trees, the regularity of the Weymouth-pine may have it's beauty. It's formality may be concealed. A few of it's branches hanging from a mass of heavier foliage, may appear light, and feathery; while it's spiry head

head may often form an agreeable apex to a clump.

Having thus considered the pine-race, we next take a view of a tribe nearly allied to them—that of firs. In what the distinction between these two tribes consists, (tho, I apprehend, it consists in little more, than in that between genus, and species) the botanist will explain. I profess myself an observer only of outward characters. What we usually call the Scotch fir appears to me to approach nearer the pine in it's manner of growth, than it does any of it's nominal class. As this tree therefore seems to be of ambiguous nature, at least as to it's form, I shall place it here—that is immediately after the pines, and before the firs; that it may with facility join one party, or the other, as the reader's botanical principles incline.

The Scotch fir is supposed to be the only indigenous Terebinthine tree in this island; and yet tho it abounds, and when seen in perfection is a very picturesque tree, we have little idea of it's beauty. It is generally treated with great contempt. It is a hardy plant, and

therefore put to every servile office. If you wish to screen your house from the south-west wind, plant Scotch firs; and plant them close, and thick. If you want to shelter a nursery of young trees, plant Scotch firs: and the phrase is, you may afterwards *weed them out*, as you please. This is ignominious. I wish not to rob society of these hardy services from the Scotch fir: nor do I mean to set it in competition with many of the trees of the forest, which in their infant state it is accustomed to shelter: all I mean is, to rescue it from the disgrace of being thought fit for nothing else; and to establish it's character as a picturesque tree. For myself, I admire it's foliage; both the colour of the leaf, and it's mode of growth. It's ramification too is irregular, and beautiful; and not unlike that of the stone-pine; which it resembles also in the easy sweep of it's stem; and likewise in the colour of the bark, which is commonly, as it attains age, of a rich reddish brown. The Scotch fir indeed, in it's stripling state, is less an object of beauty. It's pointed, and spiry shoots, during the first years of it's growth, are formal; and yet I have sometimes seen a good contrast produced



duced between it's spiry points, and the round-headed oaks, and elms in it's neighbourhood. When I speak however of the Scotch fir as a beautiful individual, I conceive it, when it has out-grown all the more unpleasant circumstances of it's youth—when it has compleated it's full age—and when, like Ezekiel's cedar, it has formed it's *head among the thick branches*.—I may be singular in my attachment to the Scotch fir: I know it has many enemies: and that may perhaps induce me to be more compassionate to it: however I wish my opinion in it's favour may weigh no more, than the reasons I give to support it.

The great contempt indeed, in which the Scotch fir is commonly held, arises, I believe, from two causes.

People object first to it's colour. It's dark, murky hue, we are told, is unpleasing.—With regard to *colour in general*, I think I speak the language of painting, when I assert, that the picturesque eye makes little distinction in this matter. It has no attachment to one colour in preference to another: but considers the beauty of all colouring, as resulting not from the colours themselves, but almost intirely from their harmony with other colours in  
their



their neighbourhood. So that as the fir-tree is supported, combined, or stationed, it forms a pleasing tint, or a murky spot.

A second source of that contempt, in which the Scotch fir is commonly held, is our rarely seeing it in a picturesque state. Scotch firs are seldom planted as *single trees*, or in a *judicious group*: but generally in *close, compact bodies*, in thick array, which suffocates, or cramps them; and if they ever get loose from this bondage, they are already ruined. Their lateral branches are gone, and their stems are drawn into poles, on which their heads appear stuck as on a center. Whereas if the tree had grown in it's natural state, all mischief had been prevented. It's stem would have taken an easy sweep; and it's lateral branches, which naturally grow with as much beautiful irregularity as those of deciduous trees, would have hung loosely, and negligently; and the more so, as there is something peculiarly light, and feathery in it's foliage. I mean not to assert, that every Scotch fir, tho in a natural state, would possess these beauties: but it would at least, have the chance of other trees; and I have seen it, tho indeed but rarely, in such a state,

as

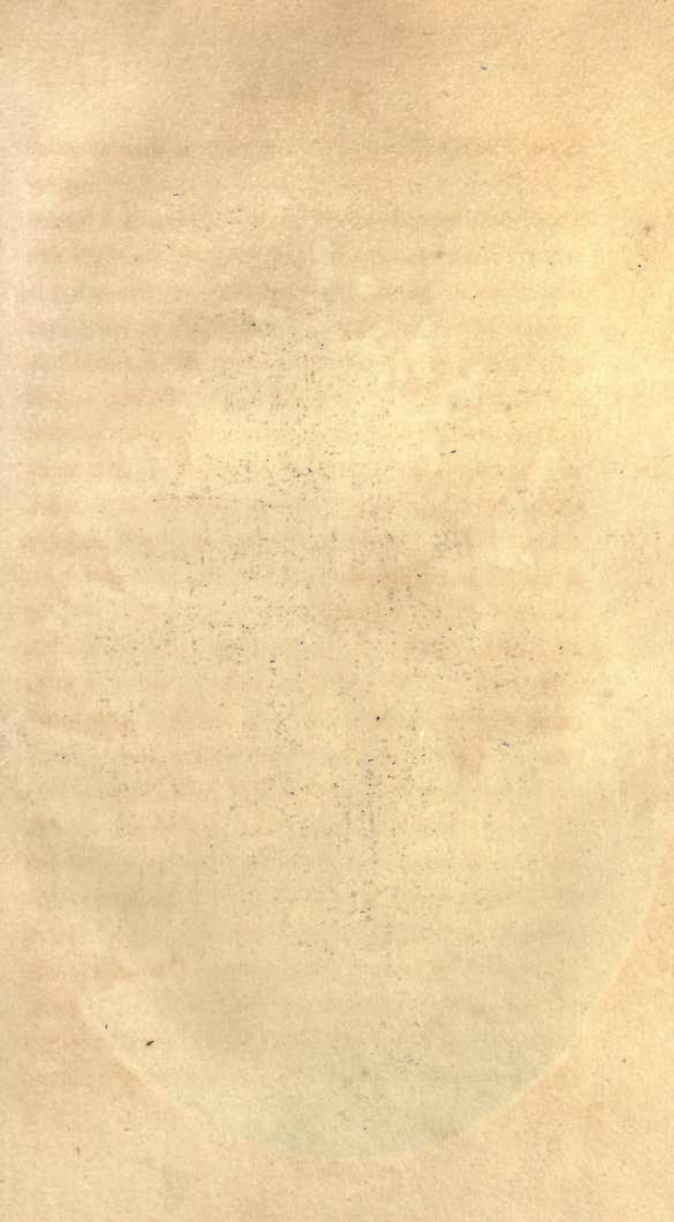
as to equal in beauty the most elegant stone-pine.

All trees indeed, crowded together, naturally rise in perpendicular stems: but the fir has this peculiar disadvantage, that it's lateral branches, once injured, never shoot again. A grove of crowded saplings, elms, beeches, or almost of any deciduous trees, when thinned, will throw out new lateral branches; and in time recover a state of beauty: but if the education of the fir has been neglected, he is lost for ever.

Some of the most picturesque trees of this kind perhaps in England, adorn Mr. Lenthall's deserted, and ruinous mansion of Basildleigh in Berkshire. The soil is a deep, but rich sand; which seems to be adapted to them. And as they are here at perfect liberty, they not only become large, and noble trees; but expand themselves likewise in all the careless forms of nature. Very noble Scotch firs also may be seen at Thirkleby near Thirsk in Yorkshire. Nor has any man, I think, a right to depreciate the Scotch fir, till he has seen it in a perfect state of nature.

The spruce-fir is generally esteemed a more beautiful, and elegant tree, than the Scotch fir; and the reason, I suppose, is, because it feathers to the ground, and grows in a more exact, and regular shape. But this in a picturesque light, is a principal objection to it. It wants both form and variety. We admire it's floating foliage, in which it sometimes exceeds all other trees; but it is rather disagreeable to see a repetition of these feathery strata, beautiful as they are, reared, tier, above tier, in regular order, from the bottom of a tree to the top. It's perpendicular stem, also, which has seldom any lineal variety, makes the appearance of the tree still more formal.

It is not always however that the spruce-fir grows with so much regularity. Sometimes a lateral branch taking the lead, breaks somewhat through the order, commonly observed, and forms a few chasms, which have a good effect. When this is the case, the spruce-fir ranks among picturesque trees. Sometimes the effect is as good, and in many circumstances better, when the contrast appears  
still











still stronger—when the tree is shattered by some accident ; has lost many of it's branches ; and is scathed, and ragged. A feathery branch here and there, among broken stumps, has often a good effect ; but it must arise from the wild situation of the tree. On an embellished lawn it would be improper. In all circumstances however the spruce-fir appears best either as a single tree, or unmixed with any of it's fellows : for neither it, nor any of the spear-headed race, will ever form a beautiful clump without the assistance of other trees.

The silver-fir has very little to boast in point of picturesque beauty. It has all the regularity of the spruce ; but without it's floating foliage. There is a sort of harsh, stiff, unbending formality in the stem, the branches, and in the whole economy of the tree, which makes it disagreeable. We rarely see it, even in the happiest state, assume a picturesque shape. Assisted it may be in it's form, when broken and shattered ; but it will rarely get rid of it's formality. In old age it stands the best chance of attaining beauty.

We



We sometimes see it under that circumstance, shattered by winds, adorned with ivy, and shooting out a few horizontal branches, on which it's meagre foliage, and tufted moss appear to advantage.—I may add, that the silver-fir is perhaps the hardiest of it's tribe. It will out-face the south-west wind: it will bear without shrinking even the sea-air: so that one advantage at least attends a plantation of silver-firs; you may have it, where you can have no other; and a plantation of silver-firs may be better than no plantation at all. At the same I have heard, that it is nice, in it's soil: and that an improver may be liable to disappointment, who plants it in ground, where the oak will not thrive.

I know of no other species of fir in England, that is worth mentioning. The hemlock-spruce is a beautiful loose plant, but it never, I believe, attains any size; and the Newfoundland, or black-spruce, is another dwarfish tree. In that character however it is often beautiful; and it's small red cones are an ornament to it.—In the vast pine-forests of North-America; and in those, which hang beetling over the cliffs of the Baltic, the picturesque eye might probably

bably see many a grand production of the fir kind, which is hitherto little known; or if known, would appear there in so improved a character, as to seem wholly new. In the northern parts of Asia also, and in the southern parts of Africa, I doubt not, but the fir may be found in great variety, and perfection. In Philip's voyage to Botany-bay we are told of pines in Norfolk-island of an immense size. Later accounts make some of these pines, which have been measured by a quadrant, to have attained the wonderful height of two hundred, and thirty feet. They bear cones; but the wood, from a sample brought into England (in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks) does not appear like deal; but is much heavier; the grain considerably closer; and the colour browner. The girth of the tree, from which this sample was cut, was eighteen feet. The first branches were at the elevation of thirty yards: but I could not learn, whether this circumstance was a general character of the tree, or peculiar only to that individual. Strabo indeed tells us, that the fir is wholly a European plant—that it is never to be met with in any part of Asia—and that it may even be considered, in  
all

all those places, where Europe and Asia border on each other, as a distinguishing mark of European ground. On the Asiatic side of the Tanais, he tells us, it is never found; tho' on the European side it is so common that the Scythians, who inhabit those parts, use it always in making arrows. He treats Eratosthenes with some contempt, for asserting, that when Alexander was in India, he used fir in constructing his navy\*. Strabo's accuracy is generally much respected: but, in this instance his observations seem to have been confined. There is little doubt, I think, that the fir abounded in many parts of Asia: it was probably as much a native of mount Lebanon, as the cedar itself†.

After the pine, and fir tribes, the yew deserves our notice. The yew is a pure native of Britain, and was formerly what the oak

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\* See lib. ii. p. 510. edit. Cauf.

† After all however, it is probable, that the word *ελατη*, which the Latins translate *abies*, and we translate *fir*, might appear to be somewhat very different from the tree, which we call a fir, if we had a Grecian botanist to consult.

is now, the basis of our strength. Of it the old English yeoman made his long-bow; which, he vaunted, nobody but an Englishman, could bend. In shooting he did not, as in other nations, keep his left hand steady, and draw his bow with his right: but keeping his right at rest upon the nerve, he pressed the whole weight of his body into the horns of his bow\*. Hence probably arose the English phrase of *bending a bow*; and the French of *drawing one*.

Nor is the yew celebrated only for it's toughness, and elasticity; but also for it's durable nature. Where your paling is most exposed either to winds, or springs; strengthen it with a post of old yew. That hardy veteran fears neither storms above, nor damps below. It is a common saying amongst the inhabitants of New-forest, that a post of yew will outlast a post of iron.

Thus much for the utility, and dignity of the yew. As to it's picturesque perfections, I profess myself (contrary I suppose to general opinion) a great admirer of it's form, and

\* See Bp. Latimer's sermons. Sermon VI.



foliage. The yew is of all other trees, the most tonfile. Hence all the indignities it suffers. We every where see it cut and metamorphosed into such a variety of deformities, that we are hardly brought to conceive, it has a natural shape; or the power, which other trees have, of hanging with ease. Yet it has this power in a great degree; and in a state of nature, except in exposed situations, is perhaps one of the most beautiful evergreens we have. Indeed, I know not, whether all things considered, it is not superior to the cedar of Lebanon itself—I mean to such meagre representatives of that noble plant, as we have in England. The same soil, which cramps the cedar, is congenial to the yew.

It is but seldom however, that we see the yew in perfection. In New-forest it formerly abounded: but it is now much scarcer. It does not rank among timber-trees; and being thus in a degree unprivileged, and unprotected by forest-laws, it has often been made booty of by those, who durst not lay violent hands on the oak, or the ash. But still in many parts of the forest, some noble specimens of this tree are left. One I have often visited,  
which

which is a tree of peculiar beauty. It immediately divides into several massy limbs, each of which hanging in grand loose foliage, spreads over a large compass of ground, and yet the whole tree forms a close, compact body: that is, it's boughs are not so separated, as to break into distinct parts. It cannot boast the size of the yew-tree at Fotheringal, near Taymouth in Scotland, which measures fifty-six feet, and an half in circumference: nor indeed the size of many others on record: but it has sufficient size for all the purposes of landscape, and in point of picturesque beauty it probably equals any of them. It stands not far from Lymington river, on the left bank as you look towards the sea, between Roydon-farm, and Boldre-church. It occupies a small knoll, surrounded with other trees; some of which are yews; but of inferior beauty. A little stream washes the base of the knoll; and winding round forms it into a peninsula. If any one should have curiosity to visit it from this description, and by the help of these land-marks, I doubt not, but he may find it, at any time, within the space of these two or three centuries, in great perfection, if it suffer no external injury. If

such trees were common, they would recover the character of the yew-tree among the admirers of picturesque beauty.

But tho we should be able to establish it's beauty with respect to form, and foliage; there remains one point still, which we should find it hard to combat. It's colour unfortunately gives offence. It's dingy, funeral hue, people say, makes it fit only for a church-yard.

This objection, I hope, I have already answered in defending the colour of the Scotch fir\*. An attachment to colour, as such, seems to me, an indication of false taste. Hence arise the numerous absurdities of gaudy decoration. In the same manner, a dislike to any particular colour shews a squeamishness, which should as little be encouraged. Indeed, when you have only one colour to deal with, as in painting the wainscot of your room, the eye properly enough gives a preference to some soft, pleasant tint, in opposition to a glaring, bold one: but when colours act in concert, (as is the case in all scenery,) red, blue, yellow, light green, or dingy green, are all alike. The

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\* See page 89.

virtue of each consists solely in it's agreement with it's neighbours.

I have only to add, in commendation of this tree, that it's veins exceed in beauty those of most other trees. Tables made of yew, when the grain is fine, are much superior to mahogany; and it's root vies in beauty with the ancient citron.

The ilex, or ever-green oak, presents a character very different from that of the yew. The yew is a close-bodied, compact tree. The ilex is generally thin, and straggling; tho we sometimes see it, in foils, which it likes, form a thicker foliage. Both the yew and the ilex are beautiful; but in different ways. As an individual, the yew is greatly superior. It is an object to admire. The beauty of the ilex arises chiefly from situation, and contrast.

Under this head may be classed another oak, nearly an ever-green, a late production of singular origin, called the Luccomb-oak, from the person, who raised it. It was produced from an acorn of the common Turkey-oak; from which all the Luccomb oaks have been



*grafted* ; as I understand, the *seed* of accidental varieties never produce the same plant. I have heard much of the beauty of this tree ; and of the acquisition it will be to winter-scenery by the introduction of a new, and beautiful ever-green. It may be so. It's growth, I am told, is rapid. But from the few plants I have seen of this stock, and those but young, no judgment can well be formed.

The holly can hardly be called a tree, tho it is a large shrub. It is a plant however of singular beauty. Mr. Evelin, in his *Sylva*, cries out with rapture ; “ Is there under heaven a more glorious, and refreshing object of the kind, than an impenetrable hedge, of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can shew in my gardens at Say's-court, at any time of the year, glittering with it's armed and varnished leaves ; the taller standards at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral—shorn and fashioned into columns, and pilasters, architectonically shaped, at due distance? ”

Tho

Tho we cannot accord with the learned naturalist in the whole of this rapturous encomium on the hedge at Say's-court; yet in part we agree with him; and admire, as much as he does, the holly, *glittering with it's armed and varnished leaves; and blushing with it's natural coral*. But we could wish to recommend it, not in a hedge, but in a forest; where mixed with oak, or ash, or other trees of the wood, it contributes to form the most beautiful scenes; blending itself with the trunks, and skeletons of the winter; or with the varied greens of summer. —But in it's combined state we shall have occasion hereafter to mention it. At present we shall only observe that, as far as an individual bush can be beautiful, the holly is extremely so. It has besides to recommend it, that it is among the hardiest and stoutest plants of English growth. It thrives in almost all soils, and situations. At Dungeness in Kent, I have heard, it flourishes even among the pebbles of the beach.

The haw-thorn should not entirely be passed over amidst the minuter plants of the forest,

tho it has little claim to picturesque beauty. In song indeed the shepherd may with propriety

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—tell his tale

Under the haw-thorn in the dale:

But when the scenes of nature are presented to the eye, it is but a poor appendage.—It's shape is bad. It does not taper, and point, like the holly, but is rather a matted, round, heavy bush. It's fragrance indeed is great: but it's bloom, which is the source of that fragrance, is spread over it in too much profusion. It becomes a mere white sheet—a bright spot, which is seldom found in harmony with the objects around it. In autumn the haw-thorn makes it's best appearance. It's glowing berries produce a rich tint, which often adds great beauty to the corner of a wood, or the side of some crouded clump.

SECT.

## S E C T. V.

WE have thus endeavoured to mark the *principal characteristics* of picturesque beauty, in the most common trees we have in England. But to have a more accurate idea of their *nice peculiarities, and distinctions*, we should examine their smaller parts with a little more precision—their ramification in winter; as well as the mass of foliage, which they exhibit in summer.

Their ramification, in part, we have already considered; but it has only been that of the larger boughs, which support the foliage; and such as we commonly see under the masses of it, when in full leaf. Winter discovers the nicer parts of the ramification—the little tender spray; on which the hanging of the foliage, and the peculiar character of the tree so much depend.

The



The study is certainly useful. It is true it has none of the larger parts of painting for its object—composition—or the massing of light and shade: but we consider it as necessary for those to understand, who wish either to be acquainted with the *particular character* of each tree; or its *general effect*.

Nor is it an unpleasing study. There is much variety in the ramification of each species; and much also in that of each individual. We see every where so many elegant lines; so much opposition, and rich interfection among them, that there are few more beautiful objects in nature, than the ramification of a tree. For myself, I am in doubt, whether an old, rough, interwoven oak, merely as a *single object*, has not as much beauty in winter, as in summer. In summer it has unquestionably more effect; but in point of simple beauty, and amusement, I think I should almost prefer it in winter.

If a man were disposed to moralize, the ramification, and spray of a thriving tree afford a good theme. Nothing gives a happier idea  
of

of busy life. Industry, and activity, pervade every part. Wherever an opening, how minute soever appears, there some little knot of busy adventurers push in, and form a settlement: so that the whole is every where full and complete. There too, as is common in all communities, are many little elbowings, justlings, thwartings, and oppositions, in which some gain, and others lose\*.

In

\* As a continuation of this moralizing strain, the following short allegory ventures to appear in a note.

Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;

Prima cadunt; ita \_\_\_\_\_

Debemur morti nos, nostraque \_\_\_\_\_

As I sat carelessly at my window, and threw my eyes upon a large acacia, which grew before me, I conceived it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns, and families. The larger branches might hold out the first—the smaller branches, connected with them, the second—and those combinations of collateral leaves, which specify the acacia, might represent families, composed of individuals.—It was now late in the year; and the autumnal tint had taken possession of great part of the tree.

As I sat looking at it, many of the yellow leaves (which having been produced earlier, decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of their great mother. Here was

an

In examining the spray of trees, I shall confine myself to the oak, the ash, the elm, and the beech. It would be endless to run through the whole forest. Nor is it necessary.

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an emblem of natural decay—the most obvious appearance of mortality.

As I continued looking, a gentle breeze rustled among the leaves. Many fell, which in a natural course might have enjoyed life longer. Here malady was added to decay.

The blast increased; and every branch, that presented itself, bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. The cup of vengeance, said I, is poured out upon the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. They fall by multitudes. Whole families are cut off together.

Among the branches was one entirely withered. The leaves were shrivelled; yet clinging to it.—Here was an emblem of famine. The nutriment of life was stopped. Existence was just supported: but every form was emaciated, and shrunk.

In the neighbourhood stretched a branch, not only shrivelled, and withered; but having been more exposed to winds, was stripped almost intirely of it's leaves. Here and there hung a solitary leaf, just enough to shew, that the whole had lately been alive. Ah! said I, here is an emblem of depopulation. Some violent cause hath laid waste the land. Towns, and villages, as well as families are desolated. Scarce ten are left to bemoan a thousand.

How does every thing around us bring it's lesson to our minds! Nature is the great book of God. In every page is instruction to those, who read. Mortality must claim it's due. Death in various shapes hovers round us.—Thus far went the heathen moralist. He had learned no other knowledge from these perishing

fary. The examination of these few principal trees will shew how consequential a part, the spray is, in fixing the *character* of the tree. There is as much difference in the spray, as there is in the foliage, or in any other particular. At the same time, if a painter be accurate, in a *certain degree*, in his delineation of some of the more capital trees; in others, his accuracy is of little consequence: nay an endeavour at precision would be stiff, and pedantic.

In the spray of the four species of trees just mentioned, and I doubt not, in that of all

perishing forms of nature, but that men, like trees, are subject to death.

Debemur morti nos, nostraque——

Better instructed, learn thou a nobler lesson. Learn, that that God, who with the blast of winter shrivels the tree, and with the breezes of spring restores it, offers it to thee as an emblem of thy hopes. The same God presides over the natural, and moral world. His works are uniform. The truths, which *nature* teaches, as far as they go, are the truths of *revelation* also. It is written in both these books, that, that power, which revives the tree, will revive thee also, like it, with increasing perfection.

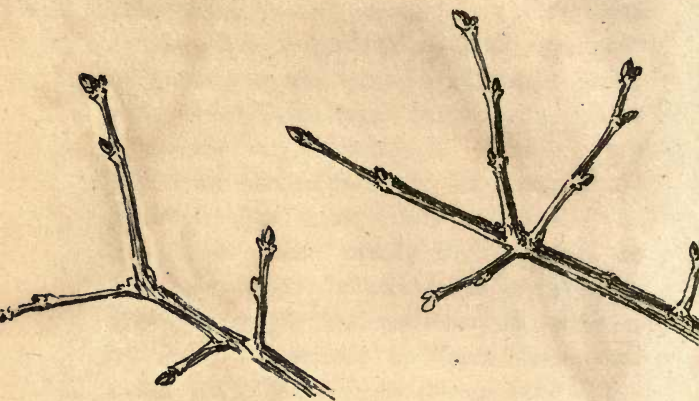
other



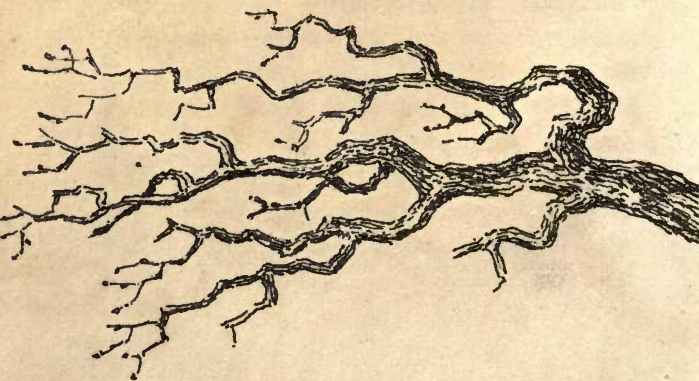
other trees, nature seems to observe one simple principle; which is, that the mode of growth in the spray, corresponds exactly with that of the larger branches, of which indeed the spray is the origin. Thus the oak divides his boughs from the stem more horizontally, than most other deciduous trees. The spray makes exactly in miniature the same appearance. It breaks out in right angles, or in angles that are nearly so; forming it's shoots commonly in short lines; the second year's shoot usually taking some direction contrary to that of the first. Thus the rudiments are laid of that abrupt mode of ramification, for which the oak is remarkable. When two shoots spring from the same knot, they are commonly of unequal length; and one with large strides generally takes the lead. Very often also three shoots, and sometimes four, spring from the same knot. Hence the spray of the oak becomes thick, close, and interwoven; so that, at a little distance, it has a full, rich appearance, and more of the picturesque roughness, than we observe in the spray of any other tree. The spray of the oak also generally springs in such directions, as give it's branches that  
horizontal



*Spray of the Oak*



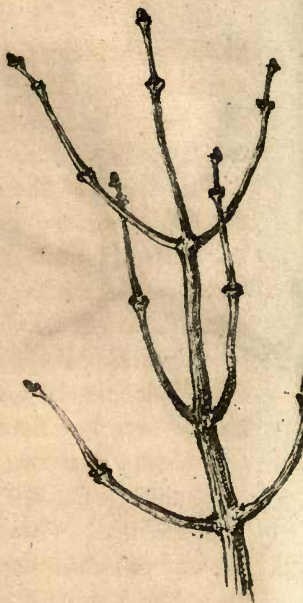
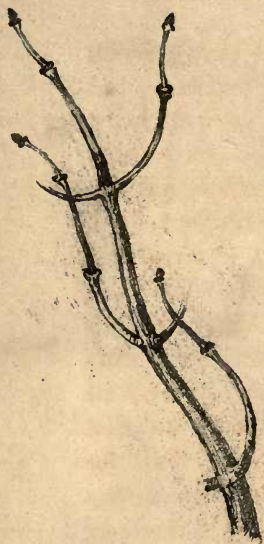
*Ramification of the Oak.*



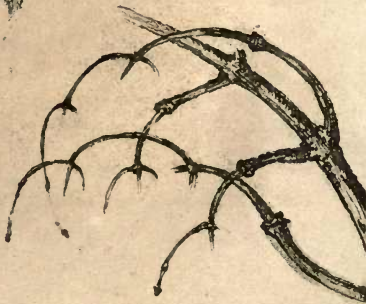




*Spray of the Ash.*



*Ramification of the Ash.*



horizontal appearance, which they generally assume.

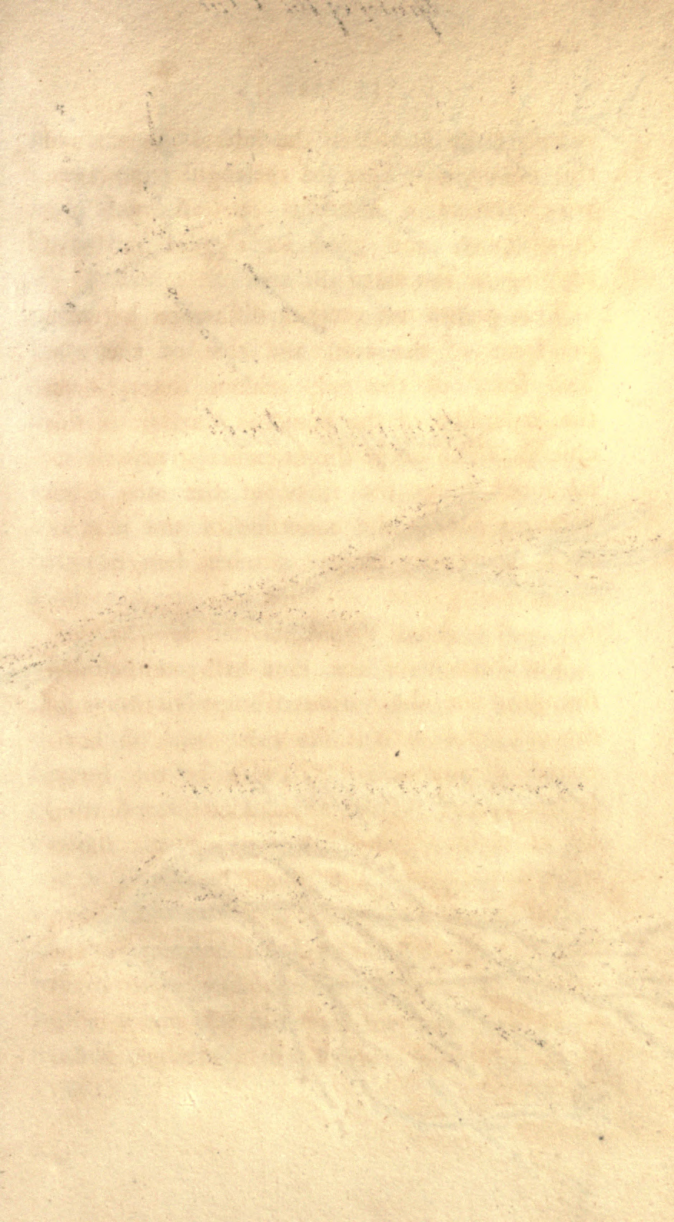
The spray of the ash is very different. As the boughs of the ash are less complex, so is it's spray. Instead of the thick, intermingled bushiness, which the spray of the oak exhibits; that of the ash is much more simple, running in a kind of irregular parallels. The main stem holds it's course, forming at the same time a beautiful sweep: but the spray does not divide like that of the oak, from the extremity of the last year's shoot; but springs from the sides of it. Two shoots spring out, opposite to each other; and each pair in a contrary direction. Rarely however both the shoots of either side come to maturity; one of them is commonly lost, as the tree increases; or at least makes no appearance in comparison with the other, which takes the lead. So that, notwithstanding this natural regularity of growth, (so injurious to the beauty of the spruce fir, and some other trees,) the ash never contracts the least disgusting formality from it. It may even receive great picturesque beauty: for sometimes the whole branch  
is

is lost, as far as one of the lateral shoots ; and this occasions a kind of rectangular junction, which forms a beautiful contrast with the other spray, and gives an elegant mode of hanging to the tree.

This points out another difference between the spray of the oak, and that of the ash. The spray of the oak seldom shoots from the undersides of the branches : and it is this chiefly, which keeps the branches in a horizontal form. But the spray of the ash, often breaking out on the underside of the branch, often forms very elegant pendent boughs.

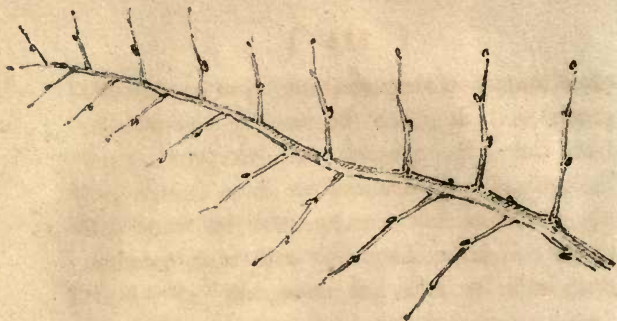
The branch of the elm hath neither the strength, nor the various abrupt twistings of the oak ; nor doth it shoot so much in horizontal directions. Such also is the spray. It has a more regular appearance ; not starting off at right angles ; but forming it's shoots more acutely with the parent branch.

Neither does the spray of the elm shoot, like that of the ash, in regular pairs, from the same knot ; but in a kind of alternacy. It has generally, at first, a flat appearance : but as one year's shoot is added to another, it has  
not

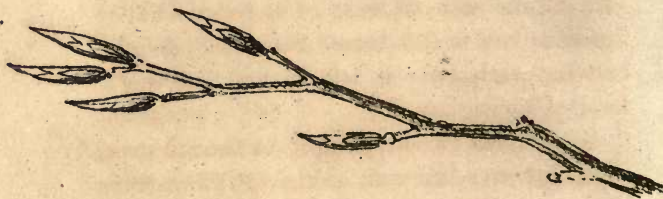




*Spray of the Elm.*



*Spray of the Beech.*



*Ramification of the Beech.*



not strength to support itself; and as the tree grows old, it often becomes pendent also, like the ash: whereas the toughness, and strength of the oak enables it to stretch out it's branches horizontally to the very last twig. I have seen an oak with pendent branches; but it is not common.

The spray of the beech observes the same kind of alternacy, as that of the elm: but it shoots in angles still more acute: the distance between each twig is wider; and it forms a kind of zigzag course.

We esteem the beech also, in some degree, a pendent tree, as well as the ash: but there is a wide difference between them. The ash is a light airy tree, and it's spray hangs in elegant, loose foliage. But the hanging spray of the beech, in old trees especially, is often twisted, and intermingled disagreeably; and has a perplexed, matted appearance. The whole tree gives us something of the idea of an intangled head of bushy hair, from which, here and there, hangs a disorderly lock; while the spray of the ash, like hair neither neglected, nor finically nice, has no-

thing squalid in it, and yet hangs in loose and easy curls.

The spray of trees puts on different appearances, as the spring advances. When their buds begin to swell, most of them push out a bloom, which overspreads them with great richness. But of all others, the ash presents the most singular, and beautiful aspect. About the end of march, or the beginning of april, it throws out a knotty bloom, which opening gradually, not only enriches the spray; but is itself one of the most beautiful among the miniature appearances of nature. The seminal stems are of an olive tint, and each of them is tipped with a black feed.—Often too the spray of the ash, is enriched by the ragged remnants of the keys, and tongues of the last year; which mixed with the bloom, have a good effect.

The elm too throws out a beautiful bloom, in form of a spicated ball, about the bigness of a nutmeg, of a dark crimson colour. This bloom sometimes blows in such profusion, as to thicken and enrich the spray exceedingly; even to the fulness almost of foliage. It is  
not

not however often seen in such perfection. In the spring of the year 1776, it was more than commonly profuse. Indeed the bloom of forest-trees in general is rarely annual; it appears in profusion only every second, or third year; and even then, seldom all the trees of the same kind bloom at once. Thus, when you look into a grove of oaks, about the beginning of may, you will suppose perhaps, that some are much forwarder in leaf than others; whereas in fact this appearance chiefly arises from their being in bloom; their little pendulous catkins hanging in knots, adorned with tufts of young leaves.

Having thus made a few observations on the forms of trees, their different modes of growth, and other peculiarities; I should add, that I am far from supposing, nature to act always in *exact* conformity to the appearances, which I have here marked. In the *general mode of growth*, which each species observes, no doubt, she is uniform: but in the *particular manner*, in which the stem rises, the branches shoot, the foliage hangs, and indeed, if I may so speak, in the specific

I 2
character



character of each individual, many circumstances will make a difference ; soil and climate especially. These have the same effect on the form of trees, which they have on animal life. We not only see distant parts of the earth, but even contiguous countries exhibit varieties in the same species of animals. The English and Scotch horse are very different creatures. And as climates and soils are still more connected with trees, than with animals, we may observe a greater difference produced, within a smaller distance. The oak of one country differs in form from the oak of another. In one, it carries an erect stem for many yards from the ground : in another, it's branches begin quickly to divide, and straggle. In the former situation the foliage may be thick, and interwoven ; in the latter, it may be thin, and meagre. The observations therefore, which we have made on the form of trees, cannot in many minute circumstances be supposed to suit the *individuals* of every country. They were chiefly made on the trees of New-forest in Hampshire ; the soil of which, in general, is a hungry gravel, or a cold clay.

SECT.

## S E C T. VI.

I SHOULD now dismiss the subject of trees as *individuals*, and hasten to consider them in a *combined state*, in which they will appear to most advantage: but as many trees, as well as men, have distinguished themselves in the world; it seemed proper to dedicate a few pages to the particular mention of some of these celebrated characters, before I conclude that part of my treatise, which is professedly written to do honour to *single trees*.

But first, it cannot be enough lamented by the lovers of landscape, that we meet with so few of these noble characters. Trees indeed, sufficient for all the purposes of *distant scenery*, we often find; but a tree in full perfection, as a grand object to grace

a *foreground*, is rarely seen. Wherever trees can be turned to profit, they are commonly cut down, long before they attain picturesque perfection. The beauty of almost every species of tree increases after it's prime; and unless it have the good fortune to stand in some place of difficult access; or under the protection of some patron, whose mansion it adorns, we rarely see it in that grandeur and dignity, which it would acquire by age.

Some of the noblest oaks in England were at least formerly found in Suffex. They required sometimes a score of oxen to draw them; and were carried in a sort of wain, which in that deep country, is expressively called a *tugg*. Two or three years was not an uncommon space of time for a tree to spend in performing it's journey to Chatham. One tugg carried the load but a little way, and left it for another tugg to take up. If the rains set in, it stirred no more that year; and sometimes no part of the next summer was dry enough for the tugg to proceed. So that the timber was generally  
pretty

pretty well seasoned, before it arrived at the king's yard. I suppose the same mode of carriage still continues.

In this fallen state alone, it is true, the tree becomes the basis of England's glory. Tho we regret it's fall therefore, we must not repine; but address the children of the wood, as the gallant oak, on his removal from the forest, is said to have addressed the scion by his side.

Where thy great grandfire spread his awful shade,  
A holy druid mystic circles made.  
Myself a sapling, when thy grandfire bore  
Intrepid Edward to the Gallic shore.  
Me now my country calls: Adieu, my son,  
And as the circling years in order run,  
May'st thou renown'd, the forest's boast, and pride,  
Victorious in some future contest ride.

Nobody, that I know, has more pathetically lamented the fall of trees, than the elegant Vanier. Whoever has a taste for the subject, will be gratified by the following quotation.

———Neque enim villis accedere major  
Possit honos, densâ quam nubilus arbore lucus.  
Sylvarum studiosa, suos cum Gallia quondam  
Vix aleret cives, patriâ migrare relicta,



Atque peregrinos alio deferre penates  
 Maluit, excisis victum quam quærere sylvis.  
 Hæc ubi jam nemorum reverentia tanta, bipennes  
 Ut teneat? nostros ubi grandior ulla per agros  
 Quercus ad annosam, ferri secura, senectam  
 Durat? inaccessis nisi confita montibus, ipso  
 Se defensa loco tucatur: si qua supersunt  
 A patribus nemora ad feros transmissa nepotes,  
 Illa nec æstivo frondent impervia soli,  
 Nobile nec cœlo caput abdunt, qualia quondam  
 Vulgus adorabat truncis procera verendis.  
 Sed veteri de stirpe, novo surgentia ramo,  
 Et quatuor post lustra nigros visura caminos.  
 Vix lepori hospitium præbent, sylvestribus olim  
 Quæ timidas latebris damas urfosque tegebant.  
 Ecquis honos ruris, nemorum si gratia desit;  
 Obsessusque domi maneat, cum Sirius ardens  
 Debacchatur agris; viridique sub ilicis umbrâ  
 Irriguo possis nec æstivos ramorum frigore soles  
 Frangere, nec taciti per amica silentia luci,  
 Multifonos avium concentus inter, ad aptos  
 Sponte suâ veniens numeros, contexere carmen\*.

As it is thus a general complaint that noble trees are rarely to be found, we must seek them where we can; and consider them when found, as matters of curiosity; and pay them a due respect.

And yet I should suppose they are not so frequently found in a state of nature, as in

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\* Præd. rusticum, lib. v.

more cultivated countries. In the forests of America, and other scenes, where boundless woods have filled the plains from the beginning of time, and where they grow so close, and cover the ground with so impervious a shade, that even a weed can scarce rise beneath them, the single tree is lost. Unless it stand on the outskirts of the wood, it is circumscribed; and has not room to expand it's vast limbs, as nature directs. When we wish therefore to find the most sublime sylvan character—the oak, the elm, or the ash in perfection, we must not look for it in close, thick woods; but standing single, independent of all connections, as we sometimes find it in our own forests, tho oftener in better protected places, shooting it's head wildly into the clouds, and spreading it's arms towards every wind of heaven.

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The oak

Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm.

He seems indignant; and to feel

The impression of the blast with proud disdain:

But, deeply earthed, the unconscious monarch owes

His firm stability to what he scorns;

More fixed below, the more disturbed above.

If

If I chose to lengthen my catalogue of celebrated trees, I might produce an innumerable host of such as have been mentioned casually by historians, and travellers, in all ages: as the plane-tree hanging over the temple of Delphos, which Theophrastus supposes was as ancient as the times of Agamemnon—that also by which Socrates used to swear—the olive-tree at Linturnum, planted by Scipio Africanus—the tilia of Basil, under which the German emperors used to dine—the malus medica at the monastery of Fundi revered by Thomas Aquinas—the oak at Bruges, which Francis the first immured—the lime-tree in Sweden, which gave name to the family of the celebrated Linnæus—trees which captain Cook found in the Western parts of California, measuring sixty feet in circumference, and rising to the height of one hundred and fifty feet without a single knot—solid trees, which have been scooped into canoes, capable of holding thirty or forty men; particularly one, on record, at Congo, which held two hundred. I might add also Arthur's table, in the county-hall of Winchester, which has been

cut

cut out of a tree of immense girth. The Cheltenham-oak also might be introduced, which as near it's roots as you can walk, exceeds twenty paces round—the Cawthorpe-oak likewise, which at the ground exceeded twenty-six yards—the Bently-oak in Holt-forest, which at seven feet from the ground, was thirty-four feet in circumference—the Swilcar-oak in Needwood-forest, which, I believe was equal to any of them\*. With an innumerable list of this kind I might swell my page : but I reject all such trees, as have either been only casually mentioned—or have had their value merely ascertained by a timber-merchant's rule—And yet all these have been trees famous in their day ; some of them are still alive ; and if I were writing a biographical history of trees, I should be glad to insert them, having a reverence for them all. Where one tree attains this noble growth ; and makes itself conspicuous, thousands, and ten thousands reach only the ordinary size of nature. The few pages however at present on my hands, I

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\* Many of these trees are mentioned by Mr. Evelyn, and the rest are collected from the topographical remarks of travellers, and historians.



should wish to allot to such trees only, as have somewhat more of history, and anecdote annexed to them.

One of the most celebrated trees on ancient record, was an oriental plane, which grew in Phrygia. It's dimensions are not handed down to us; but from the following circumstances, we may suppose them to have been very ample. When Xerxes set out on his Grecian expedition, his route led him near this noble tree, Xerxes, it seems, was a great admirer of trees. Amidst all his devastations in an enemy's country, it was his particular order to spare the groves. This wonderful plane therefore struck his fancy. He had seen nothing like it before; and to the astonishment of all his officers, orders were dispatched to the right, and left of his mighty host to halt three days; during which time he could not be drawn from the Phrygian-plane. His pavilion was spread under it; and he enjoyed the luxury of it's delicious shade; while the Greeks were taking measures to seize the pass at Thermopylæ.—The story may not speak much in favour of the prince;

prince ; but it is my business only to pay honour to the tree\*.

In Arcadia, at the foot of the mountains, bounding the Stymphalian plains (famous for one of the labours of Hercules) stood the little town of Caphiæ ; and just above it rose a fountain, called the Menalaid fountain ; by the side of which Pausanias tells us†, grew a plane-tree of extraordinary size and beauty, called the Menalaid-plane. It was generally believed in the country, he tells us, that Menelaus coming to Caphiæ to raise forces for the Trojan war, planted this tree with his own hands. Pausanias travelled through Greece in the reign of Antoninus Pius who succeeded to the empire, A. D. 151. So that the age of the tree, when Pausanias saw it, must have been about a thousand, three hundred years.

I shall next exhibit another plane-tree of great celebrity, which flourished in Lycia,

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\* This account is taken from Elian. † Paus. Arcad. c. 23.

during

during the reigns of the Roman Cæsars. From a vast stem it divided into several huge boughs; every one of which had the consequence of a large tree; and at a distance the whole together exhibited the appearance of a grove. It's branches still flourished, while it's trunk decayed. This in process of time mouldered into an immense cave, at least eighty feet in circumference; around the sides of which were placed seats of pumice stone; cushioned softly with moss. This tree was first brought into repute by Licinius Mutianus, governor of Lycia. Licinius was a curious man; and not unversed in natural history. Pliny, from whom we have the account of the tree, has thought proper to quote him frequently; mentioning particularly his remarks on Egyptian paper\*; and also on that kind of wood, of which the statue of Diana at Ephesus was made†. With the Lycian-plane Licinius was exceedingly pleased; and often enjoyed the company of his friends under it's shade. It was great luxury, he would say, to dine in it's trunk on a sultry summer-day;

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\* Lib. xiii. c. 13.

† Lib. xvi. c. 40.

and to hear a heavy shower of rain descending through the several stages of it's leaves. As a naturalist, he left it on record, that himself and eighteen other persons, dined commodiously around the benches in the body of it.

Caligula had a tree of the same kind at his villa near Velitræ. But Caligula's tree appears to have been more complex, than the Lycian-plane. It had not only a hollow cave in it's trunk, which was capable of holding fifteen persons at dinner with a proper suit of the emperor's attendants: but, if I understand Pliny rightly\*, it had stories also (probably artificial flooring) in the boughs of the tree. Caligula used to call it, *his nest*.

From the same author we have an account of four holm-trees†, still existing in his time, which were of great antiquity. Three of them, he says, stood upon the site of the ancient Tibur, which was a city older

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\* Lib. xii. c. 1

† Lib. xvi. c. 44.



than Rome ; and these trees were not only older than Tibur ; but were trees of consequence in the days of Tiburtus, who founded it. For tradition assures us, says Pliny, they were the very trees, on which that hero observed an ominous flight of birds, and was determined by them in the site of his town. As Tiburtus was the son of Amphiaraus, who died at Thebes a hundred years before the Trojan war ; these trees, at the lowest calculation, must have been fourteen or fifteen hundred years old, in the time of Pliny. Tho this is far from being incredible, yet as it rests wholly on tradition, we pay it the less attention. What Pliny says in favour of the fourth tree however has somewhat more of weight. This tree, he tells us, grew in the Vatican ; and had it's age inscribed in old Tuscan characters, upon it's trunk ; from which inscription it appeared, that before the city of Rome had it's existence, this holm was a celebrated tree.

When Tiberius built his naumachia, and had occasion for large beams in several parts of his work, he endeavoured to collect them  
from

from the various forests of the empire. Among other massy pieces of timber, which were brought to Rome on this occasion, the trunk of a larch was of so prodigious a size, that the emperor, instead of using it in his works, ordered it to be laid up as a curiosity. It measured a hundred and twenty feet in length, carrying a diameter of two feet to the very end\*. When this larch was alive, with all the furniture of it's vast top, and gigantic limbs, in proportion to such a trunk, it must have been an astonishing tree.

The largest tree that ever was known to be brought into Britain, formed the main mast of the Royal Sovereign in queen Ann's time. It was ninety feet long; and thirty-five inches in diameter†.

Mr. Evelin, from whom we have this account, mentions in the same place, a still larger tree, which formed the keel of the Crown, a French ship of the last century. It was a hundred and twenty feet long,

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\* Plin. Nat. hist. l. xvi. c. 40.

† Sylva, p. 228.

which is the length of Tiberius's larch ; tho it had not probably the circumference of that tree.

The masts of our ships of war, at present, are never made of single trees. It is the method to lay two or three trees together, and fitting them close to each other, to bind them tight at proper distances with pitched ropes, and collars of iron. But a very noble fir was lately brought into England, which was not spliced in the common mode, but was converted in it's full dimensions, into the bowsprit of the Britannia, a new ship of a hundred and ten guns ; in which capacity, I have heard, it serves at present. This fir was ninety-six feet in length ; and had, I believe, the full diameter of Tiberius's larch.

Maundrel tells us, that when he travelled into the East, a few of the old cedars of Lebanon were still left. He found them among the snow near the highest part of the mountain. " I measured one of the largest of them, says he, and found it twelve yards, six inches in girt ; and yet found : and thirty-seven yards in the spread of it's boughs.

At

At about five or six yards from the ground, it divided into five limbs; each of which was a massy tree."

A later traveller, Van Egmont, who visited the scenes of mount Lebanon, seems also to speak of the same trees, which Maundrel mentions. He observed them, he says, to be of different ages. The old standards had low stems; growing like fruit trees. Whereas the younger made a much more stately appearance, not a little resembling pines. Of the ancient trees he saw only eleven: those of younger growth far exceeded that number. Some of these old cedars were four, or five fathoms in circumference. Under one of them was erected an altar; where the clergy of Tripoli, and the neighbouring convent of Mafsurki sometimes celebrated mass. From this tree spread five limbs, resembling substantial trees, each being about an hundred feet in length; and inserted into the main trunk about fourteen, or fifteen feet from the ground.

These are noble dimensions, tho it is probable, that the best of the trees now left upon mount Lebanon, are only the refuse of the ancient race; as we may well suppose, the best were occasionally taken first. If



Solomon's botanical works had still been preserved, it is probable we should have met with trees of much larger dimensions, than those, which either Maundrel, or Van Egmont measured.

One of the noblest trees on record, is a chefnut upon mount Ætna, called the *Castagna de cento cavalli*. It is still alive, but has lost much of it's original dignity. Many travellers take notice of it. Brydone was one of the last who saw it. His account is dated about sixteen, or seventeen, years ago. It had then the appearance of five distinct trees. The space within them, he was assured, had once been filled with solid timber, when the whole formed only one tree. The possibility of this he could not at first conceive; for the five trees together contained a space of two hundred and four feet in circumference. At length however he was convinced, not only by the testimony of the country, and the accurate examination of the canon Recupero, a learned naturalist in those parts, but by the appearance of the trees themselves, none of which had any bark on the inside. This

chefnut

chestnut is of such renown, that Brydone tells us, he had seen it marked in an old map of Sicily, published a hundred years ago\*.

Among other authors, who mention this tree, Kircher gives us the following account of it's condition in his day; which might be about a century before Brydone saw it; "Ostendit mihi viæ dux, unius castaniæ corticem, tantæ magnitudinis, ut intra eam integer pecorum grex, a pastoribus tanquam in caula commodissima, noctu intercluderetur." From this account, one should imagine, that in Kircher's days the five trees were *more united*, than when Brydone saw them.

At Nieftad, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, stood a lime, which was for many ages so remarkable, that the city frequently took it's denomination from it, being often called *Nieftad ander grassen linden*, or Nieftad near the great lime. Scarce any person passed near Nieftad, without visiting this tree; and many princes and great men did honour to it, by

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\* See Brydone's trav. vol. i. p. 117.

building obelisks, columns, and monuments of various kinds around it, engraved with their arms, and names, to which the dates were added, and often some device. Mr. Evelin\*, who procured copies of several of these monumental inscriptions, tells us, there were near two hundred of them. The columns on which they were fixed, served also to bear up the vast limbs of the tree, which began through age to become unweildly. Thus this mighty plant stood many years in great state, the ornament of the town, the admiration of the country, and supported, as it were, by the princes of the empire. At length it felt the effects of war. Nieftad was furrounded by an enemy, and the limbs of this venerable tree were mangled in wantonnefs by the besieging troops. Whether it still exist, I know not: but long after these injuries, it stood a noble ruin, discovering by the foundations of the several monuments, which formerly propped it's spreading boughs, how far it's limits had once extended.

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\* See Ev. Sylva, page 225.

A plane of the same enormous growth, is mentioned by a late traveller\*, at the city of Cos. It stands in the center of the market-place, and overspreads the whole area of it. But it's vast limbs, bending with their own weight, require support: and the inhabitants of Cos have supported them in a still grander stile, than the lime at Niestad is supported. The whole city is overspread with the ruins of antiquity; and some of the choicest columns of marble, and granite, which had formerly adorned temples, and porticos, have been collected, and brought to prop the limbs of this vast tree. Tho the picturesque eye is not fond of these adventitious supports, and would rather see the boughs bending to the ground under their own weight; yet if they are proper any where, they are proper in such a situation as this; where the tree fills the whole area of a market place with it's extended boughs; and is connected with the houses on every side by the pillars, which support them.—Some such idea as this very probably gave birth to that beautiful form in Gothic architecture, of a circular room, whose

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† Voyage pittoresque de la Grece.



dome is supported by a single column, rising from the center, and ramifying over the roof. We have two or three such appendages of cathedrals in England, under the name of chapter-houses. The most beautiful I know, is at Salisbury, which I scruple not to call one of the most pleasing ideas in architecture.—The plane at Cos is greatly revered by all the inhabitants of the city. Much of their public business is transacted in the market-place. There too they hold their little social meetings; and we may easily conceive the luxury, in such a climate, of a grand leafy canopy, to screen them from the fervour of the sun.—To add to the beauty, and convenience of this very delicious scene, a fountain of limpid water bubbles up near the roots of the tree.

As a parallel to these trees, I shall next celebrate the lime of Cleves. This also was a tree of great magnificence. It grew in an open plain, just at the entrance of the city, and was thought an object worthy to exercise the taste of magistracy. The burgomaster of his day had it surveyed with great accuracy, and trimmed into eight, broad, pyramidal faces.

faces. Each corner was supported by a handsome stone pillar; and in the middle of the tree among the branches, was cut a noble room; which the vast space contained within, easily suffered, without injuring the regularity of any of the eight faces. To crown all, the top was curiously clipped into some kind of head, and adorned artificially; but in what manner, whether with the head of a lion, or a stag, a weather cock, or a sun dial, we are not told. It was something however in the highest stile of Dutch taste.—This tree was long the admiration, and envy of all the states of Holland; and Mr. Evelin, from whom we have the relation, seems to have thought it a piece of excellent workmanship: “I needed not, says he, have charged this paragraph with half these trees, but to shew how much more the lime-tree seems disposed to be wrought into these arborious wonders, than other trees of slower growth\*.”

The oaks of Chaucer are celebrated, in the annals of poetry, as the trees, under which

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\* Sylva, p. 225.

——the laughing sage

Carolled his moral song——

They grew in the park at Donnington-castle, near Newbery, where Chaucer spent his latter life in studious retirement.——The largest of these trees was called the *king's-oak*, and carried an erect stem of fifty feet, before it broke into branches, and was cut into a beam, five feet square.——The next in size was called the *queen's-oak*, and survived the calamities of the civil wars in king Charles's time; tho Donnington-castle, and the country around it, were so often the scene of action, and desolation. It's branches were very curious: they pushed out from the stem in several uncommon directions; imitating the horns of a ram, rather than the branches of an oak. When it was felled, it yielded a beam forty feet long, without knot, or blemish, perfectly strait, four feet square at the but-end, and near a yard at the top.——The third of these oaks was called *Chaucer's*, of which we have no particulars: in general, only we are told, that it was a noble tree, tho inferior to either of the others\*. None of them, I should suppose

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\* See Evelin's Sylva, p. 227.

from this account, was a tree of picturesque beauty. A strait stem, of forty or fifty feet, let it's head be what it will, can hardly produce a picturesque form. When we admired the stone-pine, we supposed it's stem to take a sweeping line; and to be broken also with stumps, or decayed branches.

Close by the gate of the water-walk, at Magdalen college in Oxford, grew an oak, which perhaps stood there a saplin, when Alfred the great founded the university. This period only includes a space of nine hundred years, which is no great age for an oak. It is a difficult matter indeed to ascertain the age of a tree. The age of a castle, or abbey is the object of history. Even a common house is recorded by the family, that built it. All these objects arrive at maturity in their youth, if I may so speak. But the tree gradually compleating it's growth, is not worth recording in the early part of it's existence. It is then only a common tree; and afterwards when it becomes remarkable for it's age, the memory of it's youth is forgotten. This tree however can almost produce historical evidence  
for



for the age it boasts. About five hundred years after the time of Alfred, William of Wainfleet, Dr. Stukely tells us, expressly ordered his college to be founded near the *great oak*\*; and an oak could not well be less than five hundred years of age, to merit that title; together with the honour of fixing the site of a college. When the magnificence of cardinal Wolsey erected that handsome tower, which is so ornamental to the whole building, this tree might probably be in the meridian of it's glory; or rather perhaps it had attained a green old age. But it must have been manifestly in it's decline, at that memorable æra, when the tyranny of James gave the fellows of Magdalen so noble an opportunity of withstanding bigotry, and superstition. It was much injured in Charles II's time, when the present walks were laid out. It's roots were disturbed; and from that period it declined fast; and became reduced by degrees to little more than a mere trunk. The oldest members of the university can scarce recollect it in a better plight. But the faithful records of

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\* Itiner. curios.

history\* have handed down it's ancient dimensions. Through a space of sixteen yards, on every side from it's trunk, it once flung it's boughs; and under it's magnificent pavilion could have sheltered with ease three thousand men; tho in it's decayed state, it could, for many years do little more than shelter some luckless individual, whom the driving shower had overtaken in his evening walk. In the summer of the year 1788, this magnificent ruin fell to the ground; alarming the college with it's rushing sound. It then appeared how precariously it had stood for many years. It's grand tap-root was decayed; and it had hold of the earth only by two or three roots, of which none was more than a couple of inches in diameter. From a part of it's ruins a chair has been made for the president of the college, which will long continue it's memory.

Near Workshop grew an oak, which in respect both to it's own dignity, and the dignity of it's situation, deserves honourable

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\* See Dr. Plot's hist. of Oxf. ch. vi. sect. 45.

mention. In point of grandeur few trees equalled it. It overspread a space of ninety feet from the extremities of it's opposite boughs. These dimensions will produce an area capable, on mathematical calculation, of covering a squadron of two hundred and thirty-five horse. —The dignity of it's station was equal to the dignity of the tree itself. It stood on a point, where Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire unite, and spread it's shade over a portion of each. From the honourable station of thus fixing the boundaries of three large counties, it was equally respected through the domains of them all; and was known far and wide, by the honourable distinction of the *shire-oak*, by which appellation it was marked among cities, towns, and rivers, in all the larger maps of England\*.

In the garden at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, an old family-feat, belonging to lord Ducie, grows a Spanish chesnut of great age, and dimensions. Traditional accounts suppose it to have been a boundary-tree in the time of

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\* See Evelyn's Sylva, p. 232.

king John; and I have met with other accounts, which place it in the same honourable station in the reign of king Stephen. How much older it may be, we know not. Considerably older it probably was: for we rarely make boundary-trees of saplings, and off-sets; which are liable to a thousand accidents, and are unable to maintain, with proper dignity, the station delegated to them.

—This tree is at present in hands, which justly value, and protect it's age. It was barely included within the garden-wall, which bore hard upon it. Lord Ducie has lately removed the incumbrance; and at the same time applied fresh earth to the roots of the tree, which seems to have invivified it. So late as in the year 1788 it produced great quantities of chesnuts; which tho small, were sweet, and well flavoured.—In the great chesnut-cause, mentioned a little above\*, between Barrington and Ducarel, this venerable tree was called upon as an evidence; and gave a very respectable testimony in favour of the chesnuts.

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\* See page 64.



After mentioning this chesnut, which has been celebrated so much, I cannot forbear mentioning another, which is equally remarkable for having never been celebrated at all, tho it is one of the largest trees, that perhaps ever existed in England. If it had ever been noticed merely for it's bulk, I should have passed it over among other gigantic plants that had nothing else to boast; but as no historian or antiquarian, so far as I have heard, hath taken the least notice of it, I thought it right from this very circumstance to make up the omission by giving it at least, what little credit these papers could give.—

This chesnut grows at a place called Wimley, near Hitchen-priory in Hertfordshire. In the year 1789, at five feet above the ground, it's girth was somewhat more than fourteen yards. It's trunk was hollow, and in part open. But it's vegetation was still vigorous. On one side it's vast arms, shooting up in various forms, some upright, and others oblique, were decayed, and peeled at the extremities; but issued from luxuriant foliage at their insertion

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in the trunk. On the other side, the foliage was still full, and hid all decay.

In a glade of Hainhault-forest in Essex, about a mile from Barkinside, stands an oak, which has been known through many centuries, by the name of Fairlop. The tradition of the country traces it half way up the Christian æra. It is still a noble tree, tho it has now suffered greatly from the depredations of time. About a yard from the ground, where it's rough fluted stem is thirty-six feet in circumference, it divides into eleven vast arms; yet not in the horizontal manner of an oak, but rather in that of a beech. Beneath it's shade, which overspreads an area of three hundred feet in circuit, an annual fair has long been held, on the 2d of July; and no booth is suffered to be erected beyond the extent of it's boughs. But as their extremities are now become sapless, and age is yearly curtailing their length, the liberties of the fair seem to be in a desponding condition. The honour however is great.—But honours are often accompanied with inconveniences; and Fairlop has suffered from it's honourable

VOL. I. L distinctions.

distinctions. In the feasting that attends a fair, fires are often necessary; and no places seemed so proper to make them in, as the hollow cavities formed by the heaving roots of the tree. This practice has brought a speedier decay on Fairlop, than it might otherwise have suffered.

Not far from Blanford, in Dorsetshire, stood very lately a tree, known by the name of Damory's oak. About five or six centuries ago, it was probably in a state of maturity. At the ground it's circumference was sixty-eight feet; and seventeen feet above the ground it's diameter was four yards. As this vast trunk decayed, it became hollow, forming a cavity, which was fifteen feet wide, and seventeen feet high, capable of holding twenty men. During the civil wars, and till after the restoration, this cave was regularly inhabited by an old man, who sold ale in it. In the violent storm in the year 1703, it suffered greatly, many of it's noblest limbs having been torn from it. But it was still so grand a ruin, above forty years after, that some of it's branches were seventy-five feet high;

high; and extended seventy-two. In the year 1755 when it was fit for nothing but firewood, it was sold for fourteen pounds\*.

In Torwood, in the county of Sterling, on a little knoll, stand at this time, the ruins of an oak, which is supposed to be the largest tree that ever grew in Scotland. The trunk of it is now wholly decayed, and hollow: but it is evident, from what remains, that it's diameter could not have been less than eleven or twelve feet.—What it's age may be, is matter only of conjecture: but from some circumstances, it is probably a tree of great antiquity. The little knoll it stands on, is surrounded by a swamp, over which a causeway leads to the tree, or rather to a circle which seems to have run round it. The vestiges of this circle, as well as the causeway, bear a plain resemblance to those works which are commonly attributed to the Druids. So that it is probable, this tree was a scene of worship belonging to those

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\* See Hutchins's acc. of Dorsetshire, vol. I. with a print of it.



heathen priests.—But the credit of it does not depend on the dubious vestiges of Druid antiquity. In a later scene of greater importance, (if tradition ever be the vehicle of truth) it bore a great share. When that illustrious hero, William Wallace, roused the spirit of the Scotch nation to oppose the tyranny of Edward, he often chose the solitude of Torwood, as a place of rendezvous for his army. Here he concealed his numbers, and his designs; falling out suddenly on the enemy's garrisons, and retreating as suddenly, when he feared to be overpowered. While his army lay in those woods, the oak, which we are now commemorating, was commonly his head-quarters. Here the hero generally slept; its hollow trunk being capacious enough to afford shelter, not only to himself, but to several of his officers. This tree has ever since been known by the name of *Wallace-tree*; by which name it may easily be found in Torwood to this day\*.

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\* See Nimmo's hist. of Sterlingshire, p. 145.

Among these celebrated trees we must not forget Hern's oak in Windfor-forest. Shakespear tells us,

————— an old tale goes, that Hern-the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windfor forest,  
Doth all the winter time, at still of midnight,  
Walk round about this oak, with ragged horns;  
And then he blasts the trees, destroys the cattle,  
Makes the milch-cow yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In hideous, dreadful manner—————

This tree, as far as we can pay credit to tradition, and general opinion, still exists. In the little park at Windfor is a walk, known by the name of Queen Elizabeth's walk. It consists of elms, among which is a single oak taken into the row, as if particularly meant to be distinguished, at the time, when the walk was laid out. This tree is supposed to be Hern's oak. It is a large tree, measuring about twenty-four feet in circumference, and is still in great vigour; which I think, chiefly injures it's historical credit. For tho it is evidently a tree in years, and

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\* See Nimmo's hist. of Sterlingshire, p. 145.

might well have existed in the time of Elizabeth, it seems too strong, and vigorous to have been a proper tree, in that age, for Hern, the hunter, to have danced round. Fairies, elves and that generation of people, universally chose the most ancient, and venerable trees they could find, to gambol under: and the poet, who should describe them dancing under a saplin, would shew little acquaintance with his subject. That this tree could not be called a venerable tree two hundred years ago, is evident; because it hardly can assume that character even now. And yet an oak, in a foil it likes, will continue so many years in a vigorous state, that we must not lay more stress on this argument, than it will fairly bear.—It may be added, however in it's favour, that a pit or ditch, is still shewn near the tree, as Shakespear describes it; which may have been preserved with the same veneration, as the tree itself.

There is an oak, in the grounds of Sir Gerard Vanneck, at Heveningham, in Suffolk, which carries us likewise into the times

times of Elizabeth. But this tree brings it's evidence with it—evidence, which, if necessary, might carry it into Saxon times. It is now falling fast into the decline of years : and every year robs it more of it's honours. But it's trunk, which measures thirty-five feet in circumference, still retains it's grandeur ; tho the ornaments of it's boughs, and foliage are much reduced. But the grandeur of the trunk consists only in appearance. It is a mere shell. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was hollow ; and from this circumstance the tree derives the honour of being handed down to posterity. That princess, who from her earliest age loved masculine amusements, used often, it is said, in her youth, to take her stand in this tree, and shoot the deer as they passed. From that time it has been known by the name of Queen Elizabeth's oak.

After celebrating the grandeur of these sons of the forest, I should wish to introduce, in due subordination, two or three celebrated fruit-trees.



In the deanery-garden at Winchester stood lately, (so lately as the year 1757) an ancient fig-tree. Through a succession of many deans it had been cased up, and shielded from winds, and frost. The wall to which it was nailed, was adorned with various inscriptions, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; alluding to such passages of the sacred writings, as do honour to the fig-tree. After having been presented with several texts of scripture, the reader was informed, by way of climax, that *in the year 1623, king James I. tasted of the fruit of this fig-tree with great pleasure.*

At Lambeth likewise are two celebrated fig-trees; which, on good grounds, are supposed to have been planted by cardinal Pole. They are immense trees of the kind; covering a space of wall, fifty feet in height, and forty in breadth. The circumference of the stem of one of them is twenty-eight inches, and of the other twenty-one. They are of the white Marseilles kind, and have for many years furnished the tables of the archbishops of Canterbury with very delicious fruit.

Among

Among other remarkable fruit-trees may be reckoned a vine belonging to the late Sir Charles Raymond at Valentine-house, near Ilford in Essex. It was planted, a cutting, in the year 1758, of the black Hambrough sort; and as the fruit of this species will not easily ripen in the open air, it was planted in a hot-house; tho without any preparation of soil, which is in those grounds a stiff loam, or rather clay. The hot-house is a very large one, about seventy feet in front; and the vine, which I understand, is pruned in a peculiar manner, extends two hundred feet, part of it running along the south wall on the outside of the hot-house. In the common mode of pruning, this species of vine is no great bearer; but managed as it is here, it produces wonderfully. Sir Charles Raymond, on the death of his lady in 1778, left Valentine-house; at which time the gardener had the profits of the vine. It annually produces about four hundred weight of grapes; which used formerly (when the hot-house, I suppose, was kept warmer,) to ripen in march: tho lately they have not ripened till june; when they sell at four shillings

shillings a pound; which produces about eighty pounds. This account I had from Mr. Eden himself, the gardener, who planted the vine.—With regard to the profits of it, I think it probable from the accounts I have had from other hands, that when the grapes ripened earlier, they produced much more than eighty pounds. A gentleman of character informed me, that he had it from Sir Charles Raymond himself, that after supplying his own table, he has made a hundred and twenty pounds a year of the grapes; and the same gentleman, who was curious, inquired of the fruit-dealers, who told him, that in some years, they supposed the profits to have not amounted to less than three hundred pounds. This does not contradict Mr. Eden's account, who said, that the utmost he ever made of it (that is, I suppose, when the grapes sold at four shillings a pound in June) was eighty-four pounds. At the lowest calculation, the profits were prodigious.—The stem of this vine was, in the year 1789, thirteen inches in circumference.

But the vine, even as a timber-tree, hath its place in history. Mr. Miffon, a traveller,  
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of whom Mr. Addison speaks with particular respect, tells us\*, that the gates of the great church at Ravenna in Italy were made of vine planks, twelve feet long, and fourteen or fifteen inches broad. The vine from which these planks were taken, must have been an enormous vegetable of it's kind. Indeed, if the account had not been well attested, it would have exceeded credit.—Misson adds, that the soil about Ravenna, on the side next the sea, was remarkable for the enormous growth of vines; and he supposes, it was owing to the rich manure left by the sea. For tho' the town of Ravenna in his day, stood a league from the Adriatic; yet it is an undoubted fact, that the sea formerly washed it's walls; and that the present Ravenna occupies the site of the ancient Ravenna, which we know, was one of the best ports, the Romans had on the Adriatic.

Having thus given the history of some of the most celebrated trees on record, I cannot help

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\* See Misson's travels in Italy.



subjoining an account of a few particular species, which are remarkably singular.

In the memoirs of the French academy we find a description of a very curious tree, by Mr. Adanson, called the Boabab. It is a native of Senegal, and has been taken notice of by Prosper Alpinus, and other botanists: but Mr. Adanson, who spent several years in those parts, seems to have had the best opportunities of being acquainted with it.—As to it's botanical peculiarities, which are great; and it's physical uses, which are many, we enter not into them. We have only to do with it's external form, which is very uncommon. It is supposed to be the largest of nature's vegetable productions—the behemoth of the forest. From Mr. Adanson's account one should suppose the boabab to be a kind of natural pollard. He tells us, it's trunk seldom rises higher than twelve feet; tho it's diameter exceeds seventy. From this amazing trunk spring a number of massy branches. The center-branch rises perpendicularly sixty or seventy feet: the lateral branches shoot in angles less and less acute; till the lowest series form right angles with the trunk; and so become horizontal. In this direction, they stretch fifty or sixty feet,  
till

till their weight brings them to the ground, with which the extremities of many of them are in contact. So that the whole tree has the appearance of a woody hemisphere; whose radius, including the thickness of the trunk, must be about eighty, or ninety feet.—Whatever may be said for the peculiarity of such a tree, we cannot say much in favour of its picturesque form. It seems to be little more than a monstrous bush. The bark of this tree is of an ash-coloured tint. Its leaves are oval, pointed at the end, and about five inches long.—Tho the baobab is a native of Africa, yet a small one was found growing in the island of Martinico. It is supposed however to have been brought thither by some negroe-slave; as it is common among those poor people to carry about them seeds of different kinds, as charms and remedies: and it is certain, that many African plants have been propagated in the West-Indies in this accidental manner.

We have lately had an account of another African tree, which is equally wonderful. In some private dispatches to the chairman of the Siena-Leone company, one, relating to the natural history of the country, states, that  
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in the woods contiguous to the settlement is a silk-cotton-tree, which at five feet from the ground, measures sixty-eight feet in circumference; and at fifty feet from the ground, thirty-one. The height of this tree is prodigious; but the adjoining trees, crowding round, prevent it's being accurately taken. This account mentions the trees of this species, as the largest in the country.

Mr. Evelin gives us the description of another curious tree, called the Arbor de Rays, which is found chiefly in the East Indies, and is remarkable for the manner, in which it propagates. From the end of it's boughs it distils, in a continued viscous thread, a kind of gummy matter; which increases like an icicle, till it reach the ground, where it takes root, and becomes a stem, putting forth new branches, and propagating anew; so that a single plant of this kind may increase into a forest.

Strabo describes an Indian tree, which I should suppose, was the same with Mr. Evelin's arbor de Rays; only Strabo accounts more simply for the mode of it's propagation.

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It's branches, he says, grow horizontally about twelve cubits; and then take a direction to the earth, where they root themselves; and when they have attained maturity, continue to propagate in the same manner, till the ground is covered with them for a considerable space; or, as Strabo more expressively describes it, till the whole becomes *like a tent supported by many columns*\*.—This seems to be the tree, of which Milton speaks;

Branching so broad, and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root; and daughters grow  
About the mother tree; a pillared shade,  
High over-arched, with echoing walks between.  
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool; and tends his pasturing herds  
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

Modern travellers speak of an Indian tree like this, (the only tree of the kind they know,) which they call the Banian tree, or Indian fig. In it's mode of propagation, it corresponds rather with Strabo's description, than Evelin's. We are informed however,

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\* Πολυστελὴν σκηνὴν ὁμοίαν, p. 694. edit. Caus.



that, altho common in India, it is not very commonly found in that state of grandeur, in which it is here described. Nor indeed will it easily take that very regular form, without some little assistance from art. Instead of the *Indian herdsman*, whom Milton introduces, it is often at this day, inhabited by a Bramin; who builds his little reed-thatched shed against it's trunk; and amuses his leisure by directing it's lengthening branches into proper places; and forming each into a regular arch. Here, dressed in a long white tunic, the habit of his order, and adorned with a flowing beard, he spends his solitary hours in wandering among the verdant allies of his tree, scarce ever leaving it's limits. The inhabitants of the district resort daily to him with the necessaries of life; and receive, in return, his prayers, and benedictions.

There is a tree in the island of Java, called the Upas, or poison-tree, which (in the history of curious trees) should not be omitted; tho the accounts of it are so wonderful, that some have esteemed them fabulous. They  
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are given to the public by a surgeon, belonging to the Dutch East-India company, of the name of Foersch, who was stationed at Batavia in the year 1774. Surprising however as these accounts may be, they are accompanied with so many public facts; and names of persons, and places, that it is somewhat difficult to conceive them fabulous. —The abridged narrative of this strange production, is this.

The Upas grows about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, in a plain surrounded by rocky mountains; the whole of which plain, containing a circle of ten, or twelve miles round the tree, is totally barren. Nothing, that breathes, or vegetates, can live within it's influence. The bird, that flies over it, drops down dead. The beast, that wanders into it, expires. The whole dreadful area is covered with sand, over which lie scattered loose flints, and whitening bones. —This tree may be called the emperor's great military magazine. In a solution of the poisonous gum, which exudes from it, his arrows, and offensive weapons are dipped. The procuring therefore of this poisonous gum, is a matter of as much attention, as of difficulty. Criminals

only are employed in this dreadful service. Of these several every year, are sent with a promise of pardon, and reward, if they procure it. Hooded in leathern cases, with glass eyelet-holes, and secured as much as possible from the full effluvia of the air they are to breathe, they undertake this melancholy journey; travelling always with the wind. About one in ten escapes, and brings away a little box of this direful commodity.

Of the dreadful, and sudden effect of this poison, the author saw many instances. He mentions among others, the execution of thirteen young ladies of the emperor's seraglio; who having been convicted of infidelity to his bed, were condemned to die by the poison of Upas; which is considered in Java, like the axe in England, an honourable instrument of death. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon these unhappy victims were led into a court in the palace, where a row of thirteen posts had been erected. To these they were bound. As they stood trembling, they were obliged to confess the justice of their sentence; which each of them did, by laying one hand on the koran, and the other on her breast. When these confessions were finished, and a  
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few religious ceremonies, on a sign given by the judge, an executioner stepped forward, who bared their breasts, and amidst their cries, and shrieks, with a poisoned lancet made a slight incision in each. The author says, he stood by with his watch in his hand. In five minutes they were seized with convulsive spasms—excruciating agonies succeeded; and in sixteen minutes they were all dead. A frightful change came on. From being objects of beauty, they became spectacles of horror. Livid spots broke out upon them. Their faces swelled: their cheeks became blue; and their eyes, yellow.

The author says, that on the coast of Macassar, there are found trees very like the Upas of Java; but not so malignant. If so, it is probable, that all these trees are of the same kind; only the Java-Upas has found a situation, where it's poisonous qualities are more sublimed.

Dr. Darwin, in his *Loves of the plants*, has given us a picture of the situation of this dreadful tree; the existence of which he seems to believe.



Where seas of glass with gay reflections smile  
 Round the green coasts of Java's palmy isle;  
 A spacious plain extends it's upland scene,  
 Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between.  
 Soft breathes the breeze; eternal summers reign,  
 And showers prolific bless the soil—in vain!  
 No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales:  
 No towering plantain shades the mid-day vales:  
 No grassy mantle hides the sable hills:  
 No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills:  
 No step retreating on the sand impressed,  
 Invites the visit of a second guest.  
 Fierce in dread silence, on the blasted heath  
 Fell Upas sits. —————

That I may connect this little biographical history of trees with the principal subject of my book, I shall conclude it with an account of two, or three celebrated trees from New-forest, in Hampshire.

The first I shall mention, is that famous tree, against which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced, which killed William Rufus.

Leland tells us, and Camden\* from him, that the death of Rufus happened at a place in New-forest, called Thorougham, where a chapel was erected to his memory. But I

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\* See Camden's account of New-forest.

meet with no place of the name of Thorougham in New-forest ; and neither the remains, nor the remembrance of any chapel. It is probable, that *Thorougham* might be what is now called *Fritham* ; where the tradition of the country seems to have fixed the *spot* with more credibility from *the tree*.——The chapel might only have been some little temporary oratory, which having never been endowed, might speedily have fallen to decay : but the tree, it is probable, would be noticed at the time by every body, who lived near it ; and by strangers, who came to see it : and it is as probable, that it could never be forgotten afterwards. They who think a tree insufficient to record a fact of so ancient a date, may be reminded, that seven hundred years, (and it is not more since the death of Rufus) make no extraordinary period in the existence of an oak. About fifty years ago however, this tree became so decayed, and mutilated, that, in all probability, the spot would have been forgotten, if some other memorial had not been raised. Before the stump therefore was eradicated, a triangular stone was erected, by the late lord Delaware, who lived in one of the neigh-

bouring lodges; on the three sides of which stone the following inscriptions are engraven.

## 1.

Here stood the oak-tree, on which an arrow, shot by sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck king William II. surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2d of august 1100.

## 2.

King William II. being thus slain, was laid on a cart, belonging to one Purkess; and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

## 3.

That the spot, where an event so memorable, happened, might not hereafter be unknown; this stone was set up by John lord Delaware, who has seen the tree growing in this place.

Lord Delaware asserts plainly, that he had seen the oak-tree; and as he lived much on the spot, he had probably other grounds for the assertion, besides the tradition of the country. That matter however rests on his authority.

The next tree I shall exhibit from New-forest, is the *groaning-tree* of Badesley; a village about two miles from Lymington. The history of the groaning-tree is this. About forty years ago, a cottager, who lived near the centre of the village, heard frequently a strange noise, behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavoured to persuade her, that the noise she heard, was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbours, on all sides heard it; and the thing began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered, that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm, which grew at the end of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree; and to all appearance perfectly sound.

In a few weeks the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide; and people from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others it attracted the curiosity of the late prince, and



princess of Wales, who resided, at that time for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, the seat of sir James Worley, which stood within a quarter of a mile of the groaning-tree.

Tho the country-people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalist could assign no physical one, that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought, it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots. Others thought it proceeded from water, which had collected in the body of the tree—or perhaps from pent air. But no cause that was alledged, appeared equal to the effect. In the mean time, the tree did not always groan; sometimes disappointing it's visitants: yet no cause could be assigned for it's temporary cessations, either from seasons, or weather. If any difference was observed; it was thought to groan least, when the weather was wet; and most when it was clear, and frosty: but the sound at all times seemed to arise from the root.

Thus the groaning-tree continued an object of astonishment, during the space of eighteen, or twenty months, to all the country around: and for the information of distant parts a pamphlet

pamphlet was drawn up, containing a particular account of all the circumstances relating to it.

At length, the owner of it, a gentleman of the name of Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in it's trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a farther view to make a discovery: but still nothing appeared, which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally however believed, that there was no trick in the affair: but that some natural cause really existed, tho never understood.

Another celebrated tree, which I shall present to the reader from New-forest, is the Cadenham oak, which buds every year in the depth of winter. Cadenham is a village, about three miles from Lyndhurst, on the Salisbury road.

Having often heard of this oak, I took a ride to see it on the 29th of december, 1781. It was pointed out to me among several other oaks, furrounded by a little forest stream, winding round a knoll, on which they stood.

stood. It is a tall, straight plant of no great age, and apparently vigorous; except that it's top has been injured; from which several branches issue in the form of pollard shoots. It was intirely bare of leaves, as far as I could discern, when I saw it; and undistinguishable from the other oaks in it's neighbourhood; except that it's bark seemed rather smoother; occasioned, I apprehended, only by frequent climbing.

Having had the account of it's *early budding* confirmed on the spot, I engaged one Michael Lawrence, who kept the white hart, a small ale-house in the neighbourhood, to send me some of the leaves to Vicar's hill, as soon as they should appear. The man, who had not the least doubt about the matter, kept his word; and sent me several twigs, on the morning of the 5th of january, 1782; a few hours after they had been gathered. The leaves were fairly expanded; and about an inch in length. From some of the buds two leaves had unsheathed themselves; but in general only one.

Through what power in nature this strange, premature vegetation is occasioned, I believe

no naturalist can explain. I sent some of the leaves to one of the ablest botanists we have had, the late Mr. Lightfoot, author of the *Flora Scotica*; and was in hopes of hearing something satisfactory on the subject. But he was one of those philosophers, who was never ashamed of ignorance, where attempts at knowledge are mere conjecture. He assured me, that he neither could account for it in any way; nor did he know of any other instance of premature vegetation, except the Glastonbury-thorn.

The *philosophers of the forest*, in the mean time, account for the thing at once, through the influence of old Christmas-day; universally believing that the oak buds on that day, and that only. The same opinion is held with regard to the Glastonbury-thorn by the common people of the west of England. But without doubt, the germination there is gradual; and forwarded, or retarded by the mildness, or severity of the weather. One of it's progeny, which grew in the gardens of the duchess dowager of Portland, at Bulstrode, had it's flower-buds perfectly formed, so early, as the 21st of december,



december, 1781; which is fifteen days earlier than it ought to flower, according to the vulgar prejudice\*.

This

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\* In the Salisbury journal january 10th 1786, the following paragraph appeared.

In consequence of a report, that has prevailed in this country for upwards of two centuries, and which by many has been almost considered as a matter of faith, that the oak at Cadenham, in the New-forest, shoots forth leaves on every old Christmas-day, and that no leaf is ever to be seen on it, either before, or after that day, during the winter; a lady, who is now on a visit in this city, and who is attentively curious in every thing relative to art or nature, made a journey to Cadenham on monday the 3d instant, purposely to enquire, on the spot, about the production of this famous tree. On her arrival near it, the usual guide was ready to attend her; but on his being desired to climb the oak, and to search whether there were any leaves then on it, he said it would be to no purpose, but that if she would come on the wednesday following, (Christmas-day) she might certainly see thousands. However he was prevailed on to ascend, and on the first branch which he gathered, appeared several fair new leaves, fresh sprouted from the buds, and nearly an inch and a half in length. It may be imagined, that the guide was more amazed at this premature production than the lady; for so strong was his belief in the truth of the whole tradition, that he would have pledged his life, that not a leaf was to have been discovered on any part of the tree before the usual hour.

But tho the superstitious part of this ancient legend is hence confuted, yet it must be allowed that there is something very uncommon and curious in an oak's constantly shooting forth  
leaves

This early spring however of the Cadenham oak is of very short duration. The buds, after unfolding themselves, make no farther progress; but immediately shrink from the season, and die. The tree continues torpid, like other deciduous trees, during the remainder of the winter, and vegetates again in the spring, at the usual season. I have seen it, in full leaf, in the middle of summer, when it appeared both in it's form, and foliage, exactly like other oaks.

I have been informed, that another tree with the same property of early germination,

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leaves at this unseasonable time of the year, and that the cause of it well deserves the philosophical attention of the botanist. In some years there is no doubt but that this oak may shew it's *first* leaves on the Christmas morning, as probably as on a few days before; and this perhaps was the case in the last year, when a gentleman of this neighbourhood, a nice and critical observer, strictly examined the branches, not only on the Christmas morn, but also on the day prior to it. On the first day not a leaf was to be found, but on the following every branch had it's complement, tho they were then but just shooting from the buds, none of them being more than a quarter of an inch long. The latter part of the story may easily be credited, that no leaves are to be seen on it after Christmas-day, as large parties yearly assemble about the oak on that morning, and regularly strip every appearance of a leaf from it.

has

has been lately found near the spot, where Rufus's monument stands. If this be the case, it seems, in some degree to authenticate the account which Camden \* gives us of the scene of that prince's death: for he speaks of the premature vegetation of that very tree, on which the arrow of Tyrrel glanced; and the tree I now speak of, if it really exist, tho I have no sufficient authority for it, might have been a descendant of the old oak, and have inherited it's virtues.

It is very probable however there may be other oaks in the forest, which may likewise have the property of early germination. I have heard it often suspected, that people gather buds from other trees, and carry them, on old Christmas-day, to the oak at Cadenham, from whence they pretend to pluck them. For that tree is in such repute; and resorted to annually by so many visitants, that I think it could not easily supply all it's votaries, without foreign contributions.—Some have accounted for this phenomenon by supposing that leaves have been preserved

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\* See Camden's account of New-forest.

over the year by being steeped in vinegar. But I am well satisfied this is not the case. Mr. Lightfoot, to whom I sent the leaves, had no such suspicion.

Another tree worth pointing out in New-forest, is an immense yew, which stands in the church-yard at Dibden. It is now, and probably has been, during the course of the last century, in the decline of life. But it's hollow trunk still supports three vast stems; and measures below them, about thirty feet in circumference—a girth, which perhaps no other yew-tree in England can exhibit. Tho' it's age cannot be ascertained, we may easily suppose, it has been a living witness of the funerals of at least a dozen generations of the inhabitants of the parish.

But it is not only to exhibit these venerable remains of antiquity, that I would draw the curious to *this spot*; but for the sake also of the views, which it presents. From this lofty stand the eye looks down, over a woody bottom, upon the bay of Southampton, spread far and wide below it; covered with shipping; and extending like a vast lake. Far up the bay,



bay, on the opposite side, the hazy towers of Southampton appear shooting into the water; and beyond all, the opening of the river Itching, and the faint streaks of a distant country, stretching away, till it is lost in the high grounds beyond Winchester.—In another direction, the eye is carried down the bay, along the wooded shores of Netley-abbey; and over a remote distance, till the view is closed by the rising grounds of Portsdown.

The last tree I shall introduce from New-forest, is remarkable for exhibiting a very uncommon instance of the power of vegetation. About ten years ago, among the ruins of the wall, which formerly surrounded the abbey of Beaulieu, stood an oak, contiguous to a part of the wall; and extended one of it's principal limbs in close contact, along the summit of it. This limb, at the distance of about three yards from the parent-tree, formed a second stem upon the wall, by shooting a root through some fissure, in which it probably found a deposit of soil. This root, running along the bottom of the wall, and  
finding

finding some crannies in it, rose twice again through it; and formed a third, and a fourth considerable stem, each at the distance of about three yards from it's neighbour. The fourth of these stems shot a branch again along the summit of the wall, and in close contact with it; forming a fifth stem in the same manner, that the parent-tree had formed the second. This last stem is again making an effort on the wall to extend this curious mode of vegetation still farther.—In a great storm, which happened in february 1781, a part of the wall was blown down, and those two stems with it, which were nearest the parent-tree. Each of these stems was about four, or five feet in diameter; and the timber of them was sold for thirty shillings; which shews their bulk was not trifling.—We seldom meet with an instance of so intimate a connection between an oak-tree, and a stone wall.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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 out a feeling of surprise at the contact of vegetation  
 in oak trees, and a stone wall.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.  
 THE SECOND BOOK.  
 THE THIRD BOOK.  
 THE FOURTH BOOK.  
 THE FIFTH BOOK.  
 THE SIXTH BOOK.  
 THE SEVENTH BOOK.  
 THE EIGHTH BOOK.  
 THE NINTH BOOK.  
 THE TENTH BOOK.

## B O O K II.

## S E C T I O N I.

FROM considering trees as *individuals*, we proceed next to consider them under their various *combinations*; among which, *clumps* are the simplest.

What number of trees make a *clump*, no rules of art prescribe. The term has rather a *relative* meaning.—In scenes, brought near the eye, we call three or four trees a clump. But in distant and extensive scenery, we scruple not to use the term for any smaller detached part of a wood, tho it may consist of some hundreds.—But tho the term admits not of exact definition, I shall en-



deavour by amplification, to make the ideas contained under it, as distinct as I can.

We distinguish then two kinds of clumps ; the *smaller*, and the *larger* ; confining the former chiefly to the *foreground* ; and considering the latter as the ornament of a *distance*.

With regard to the *smaller clump*, it's chief beauty arises from *contrast in the parts*. We have seen that in *single trees*, each must have it's characteristic beauty. It has nothing else to depend on. But in *combination*, the beauty of the *individual* is not required ; the *whole clump together* must produce the effect.

To enumerate all the sources of beautiful contrast, which contribute to produce this effect, might be difficult. I shall cursorily suggest a few.

In the first place the *relative situation* of trees, with regard to *each other*, should be considered. Three trees, or more, standing in a line, are formal. In the natural wood, you rarely see this formality.—And yet even *three trees in a line* will be greatly assisted by the different directions of the several trunks ;  
and

and by the various forms, distances, and growth of the trees.

If three trees do not stand in a line, they must of course stand in a triangle; which produces a great variety of pleasing forms.

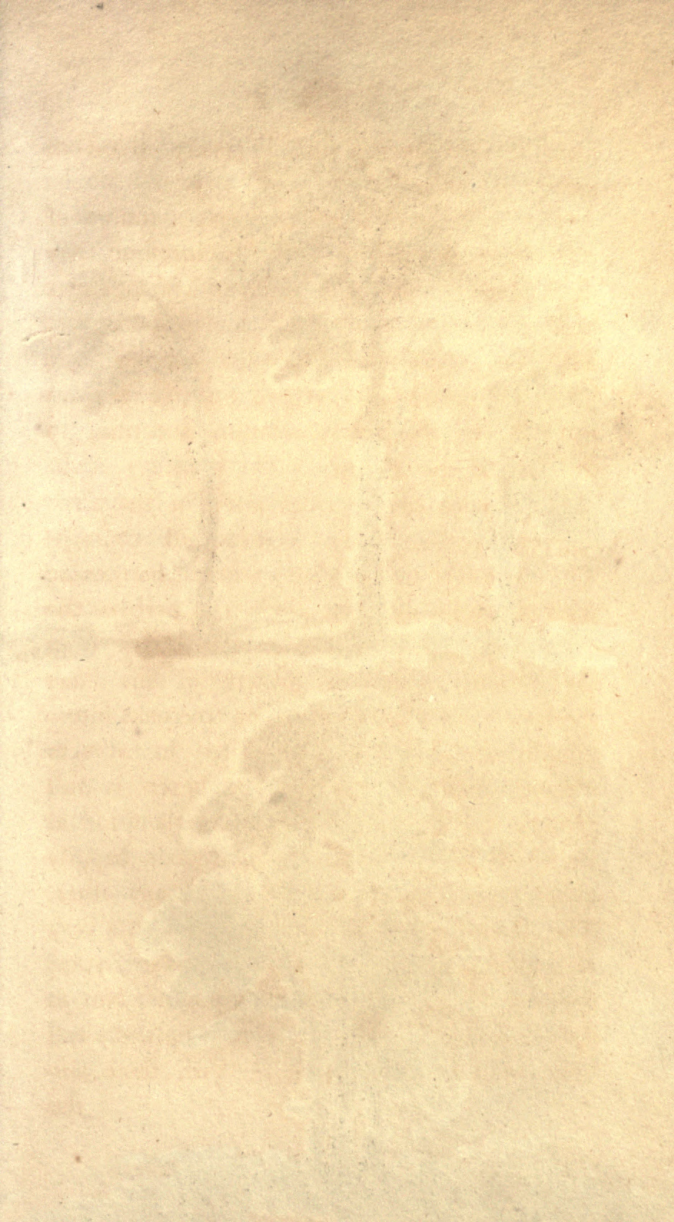
If a fourth tree be added, it stands beautifully near the middle of the triangle, of whatever form the triangle may be. If it be equilateral, and the tree placed exactly in the middle, there are three points, as you walk round the triangle, from which it will appear offensively regular.—Remarks however of this kind affect only young trees, while their stems are tall, and simlar. As they increase, their different modes of growth—the swelling of their roots—the habits they contract from winds—their ramification—their lateral branches, and other accidental circumstances introduce endless varieties among them; and blot out many of those little formalities, which attend their youth: tho, after all, the *artificial* clump will rarely attain the beauty of the *natural* one.

If the *clump* consist of still more trees than four, a greater variety among the stems will of course take place—double triangles, irregular quincunxes, and other pleasing shapes, which

may be seen exemplified in every wood of natural growth.

The branches also are as much a source of contrast, as the stem. To be picturesque they must intermingle with each other without heaviness—they must hang loosely, but yet with *varied looseness* on every side—and if there be one superior apex, there may be two or three others, that are subordinate, according to the size of the clump.

Different kinds of trees also, in the same clump, occasion often a beautiful contrast. There are few trees, which will not harmonize with trees of a different kind: tho perhaps the most simple, and beautiful contrasts arise from the various modes of growth in the same species. We often see two or three oaks intermingle their branches together in a very pleasing manner. When the beech is full grown, it is generally, (in a luxuriant soil at least,) so heavy, that it rarely blends happily either with its own kind, or with any other. The silver-fir too, we have observed, is a very unaccommodating tree.—So also are other firs; indeed all that taper to a point. Not so the pine-race. They are clump-headed; and unite well in composition. With these also  
the







the Scotch-fir leagues; from little knots of which we often see beautiful contrasts arise. When they are young, and luxuriant, especially if any number of them above four, or five, are planted together, they generally form a heavy murky spot: but as they acquire age, this heaviness goes off, the inner branches decay, the outward branches hang loosely, and negligently; and the whole has often a good effect; unless they have been planted too closely. I am rather doubtful, how far deciduous trees mix well in a clump with evergreens: and yet we sometimes see a natural good effect of light, and shade, from the darkness of the fir contrasting agreeably with the sprightly green of a deciduous tree, just coming into leaf. In this however I am clear, that if they are mixed, they ought not to be planted, as they often are, alternately; but each kind together.

Contrasts again arise from the mixture of trees of unequal growth—from a young tree united with an old one—a stunted tree with a luxuriant one—and sometimes from two or three trees, which in themselves are ill-shaped, but when combined, are pleasing. Inequalities

of all these kinds are what chiefly give nature's planting a superiority over art.

The form of the foliage is another source of contrast. In one part, where the branches intermingle, the foliage will be interwoven and close; in another, where the boughs of each tree hang separately, the appearance will be light and easy.

But whatever beauty these *contrasts* exhibit, the effect is totally lost, unless the *clump* be *well-balanced*. This is as necessary in a *combination of trees*, as in a *single tree*\*. The clump is considered as *one* object: and the support of the *whole* must depend on the several trunks, and leading branches, of which it is composed. We do not expect the minutiae of scale and weight: if no side preponderate, so as to hurt the eye, it is enough.—Unless however the clump have suffered some external injury, it is seldom deficient in point of balance. Nature always conducts the stems and branches in such easy forms, wherever there is an opening; and fills up all with so much nice contrivance, and at the same time with so much picturesque irregularity; that

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\* See page 6.

we rarely wish for an amendment in her works. So true indeed this is, that nothing is so dangerous as to take away a tree from a clump. You will infallibly destroy the balance, which can never again be restored.

Thus far we have considered a *clump*, as a *single independent* object—as the object of a *foreground*—consisting of such a confined number of trees, as the eye can fairly include at once. And when trees strike our fancy, either in the wild scenes of nature; or in the improvements of art, they will ever be found in combinations similar to these.

When the *clump* grows *larger*, it becomes qualified only as a *remote object*—combining with vast woods; and forming a part of some extensive scene, either as a first, a second, or a third distance.

The great use of the *larger clump* is to lighten the heaviness of a *continued distant wood*; and connect it gently with the plain: that the transition may not be too abrupt. All we wish to find in a clump of this kind, is *proportion* and *general form*.

With



With respect to *proportion*, the detached clump must not inroach too much on the dignity of the wood, it aids; but must observe a proper subordination. A large tract of country covered with wood, will admit several of these auxiliary clumps of different dimensions. But if the wood be of a smaller size, the clumps also must be smaller, and fewer.

With regard to the *general form* of the larger clump, we observed that in a *single tree*, we expected elegance in the *parts*. In the *smaller clumps* this idea was relinquished, and in it's room we expected a *general contrast* in trunks, branches, and foliage. But as the clump becomes larger, and recedes in the landscapes, all these pleasing contrasts are lost, and we are satisfied with a *general form*. No *regular* form is pleasing. A clump on the side of a hill, or in any situation, where the eye can more easily investigate it's shape, must be circumscribed by an irregular line; in which it is required that the undulations both at the base, and summit of the clump should be strongly marked; as the eye probably has a distinct view of both. But if it be seen only on the top of a hill, or along the distant horizon,

horizon, (as in these situations the base is commonly lost in the varieties of the ground) a little variation in the line, which forms the summit, so as to break any disagreeable regularity there, will be sufficient.

As a large tract of wood requires a few large clumps to connect it gently with the plain; so these large clumps themselves require the same service from a single tree, or a few trees, according to their size.

These observations respect chiefly the vast scenes of nature, which are but little under the controul of art. While they assist us however in judging of the natural scene, they are in many respects applicable to the embellished one. To the painter's use, they are most adapted; whose business it is to introduce his trees in the happiest manner; whether he spread them over his canvas in vast woods; or break them into *smaller*, or *larger combinations*.



## S E C T. II.

FROM *clumps* we naturally proceed to *park-scenery*, which is generally composed of combinations of *clumps*, interspersed with lawns. When it consists of large districts of wood, it rather takes the name of forest-scenery.

The park, which is a species of landscape little known, except in England, is one of the noblest appendages of a great house. Nothing gives a mansion so much dignity as these home demesins; nor contributes more to mark it's consequence. A great house, in a course of years, naturally acquires space around it. A park therefore is the natural appendage of an ancient mansion.

To the size, and grandeur of the house, the park should be proportioned. *Blenheim-castle* with a paddock around it; or a small villa



villa in the middle of Woodstock-park, would be equally out of place.

The house should stand nearly in the centre of the park; that is, it should have ample room on every side. Petworth-house, one of the grandest piles in England, loses much of it's grandeur from being placed at the extremity of the park, where it is elbowed by a church-yard.

The *exact spot* depends intirely on the ground. There are grand situations of various kinds. In general, houses are built first; and parks are added afterwards by the occasional removal of inclosures. A great house stands most nobly on an elevated knoll, from whence it may overlook the distant country; while the woods of the park skreen the regularity of the intervening cultivation. Or it stands well on the side of a valley, which winds along it's front; and is adorned with wood, or a natural stream hiding, and discovering itself among the trees at the bottom. Or it stands with dignity, as Longleat does, in the centre of demesns, which shelve gently down to it on every side.—Even on a dead flat I have seen a house draw beauties around it. At the seat of the late Mr. Bilson Legge, (now  
lord

lord Stawel's) in the middle of Holt-forest, a lawn unvaried by a single swell, is yet varied with clumps of different forms, receding behind each other, in so pleasing a manner, as to make an agreeable scene.

By these observations I mean only to shew, that in whatever part of a park a house may have been originally placed, it can hardly have been placed so awkwardly, but that, in some way or other, the scenery may be happily adapted to it. There are some situations indeed so very untoward, that scarce any remedy can be applied: as when the front of a house immediately urges on a rising ground. But such awkward situations are rare; and in general, the variety of landscape is such, that it may almost always be brought in one form, or other, to serve the purposes of beauty. The many improvements of the ingenious Mr. Brown, in various parts of England, bear witness to the truth of these observations.—The beauty however of park-scenery is undoubtedly *best* displayed on a *varied surface*—where the ground swells, and falls—where hanging lawns, skreened with wood, are connected with vallies—and where one part is continually playing in contrast with another.

As

As the park is an appendage of the house, it follows, that it should participate of it's neatness, and elegance. Nature, in all her great walks of landscape, observes this accommodating rule. She seldom passes abruptly from one mode of scenery to another ; but generally connects different species of landscape by some third species, which participates of both. A mountainous country rarely sinks immediately into a level one ; the swellings and heavings of the earth, grow gradually less. Thus as the house is connected with the country through the medium of the park ; the park should partake of the neatness of the one, and of the wildness of the other.

As the park is a scene either planted by art, or, if naturally woody, artificially improved, we expect a beauty, and contrast in it's *clumps*, which we do not look for in the wild scenes of nature. We expect to see it's lawns, and their appendages, contrasted with each other, in shape, size, and disposition ; from which a variety of artificial, yet natural scenes will arise. We expect, that when trees are left standing as *individuals*, they should be the most beautiful of their kind, elegant and well-balanced. We expect, that all offensive trumpery,

pery, and all the rough luxuriance of undergrowth, should be removed; unless where it is necessary to thicken, or connect a scene; or hide some staring boundary. In the wild scenes of nature we have grander exhibitions, but greater deformities, than are generally met with in the polished works of art. As we seldom meet with these *sublime* passages in improved landscape; it would be unpardonable if any thing *disgusting* should appear.

In the park-scene we wish for no expensive ornament. Temples, Chinese-bridges, obelisks, and all the laboured works of art, suggest inharmonious ideas. If a bridge be necessary, let it be plain. If a deer-shed, or a keeper's lodge be required; let the fashion of each be as simple, as it's use. Let nothing appear with ostentation, or parade.—Within restrictions however of this kind we mean not to include piles of *superior grandeur*. Such a palace as Blenheim-castle distributes it's greatness far and wide. There, if the bridge be immense, or the obelisk superb, it is only what we naturally expect. It is the chain of ideas properly carried on, and *gradually lost*. My remarks regard only such houses, as may



be rich indeed, and elegant ; but have nothing in them of *superior magnificence*.

One ornament of this kind, I should be inclined to allow ; and that is a handsome gate at the entrance of the park : but it should be proportioned in richness, and elegance to the house ; and should also correspond with it in stile. It should raise the first impression of what you are to expect. Warwick-castle requires a mode of entrance very different from lord Scarfdale's at Keddlestone ; and Burleigh-house, very different from both. The park-gate of Sion-house is certainly elegant ; but it raises the idea of a stile of architecture, which you must drop, when you arrive at the house.

The road also through the park should bear the same proportion. It should be spacious, or moderate, like the house it approaches. Let it wind : but let it not take any deviation, which is not well accounted for. To have the convenience of winding along a valley, or passing a commodious bridge, or avoiding a wood, or a piece of water, any traveller would naturally wish to deviate a little ; and obstacles of this kind, if necessary, must be interposed. Mr. Brown was often happy in creating these artificial obstructions.

From

From every part of the approach, and from the ridings, and favourite walks about the park, let all the boundaries be secreted. A view of paling, tho in some cases it may be picturesque, is in general disgusting.

If a *natural* river, or a *real* ruin embellish the scene, it may be a happy circumstance: let the best use be made of it: but I should be cautious in advising the *creation* of either. At least, I have rarely seen either ruins, or rivers well manufactured. Mr. Brown, I think, has failed more in river-making than in any of his attempts. — An artificial lake has sometimes a good effect; but neither propriety, nor beauty can arise from it, unless the heads and extremities of it are perfectly well managed, and concealed: and after all, the success is hazardous. You must always suppose it a portion of a larger piece of water; and it is not easy to carry on the imposition. If the house be magnificent, it seldom receives much benefit from an artificial production of this kind. Grandeur is rarely produced.

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Seldom art  
Can emulate that magnitude sublime,  
Which spreads the native lake; and failing there,  
Her works betray their character, and name;  
And dwindle into pools—————

The most natural inhabitants of parks are fallow deer ; and very beautiful they are : but flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle are more useful ; and, in my opinion, more beautiful. Sheep particularly are very ornamental in a park. Their colour is just that dingy hue, which contrasts with the verdure of the ground ; and the flakiness of their wool is rich, and picturesque. I should wish them however to wear their natural livery ; not patched with letters, nor daubed with red-ochre. To see the side of a hill spread with groups of sheep—or to see them through openings among the boles of trees, at a little distance, with a gleam of light falling upon them, is very picturesque.

As the garden, (or *pleasure-ground*, as it is commonly called,) approaches nearer the house, than the park, it takes of course a higher polish. Here the lawns are shorn, instead of being grazed. The roughness of the road is changed into an elegant gravel walk ; and knots of flowers, and flowering shrubs are introduced, yet blended with clumps of forest-trees, which connect it with the park. Single trees also take their station here with great propriety. The spreading oak, or elm,  
are

are no disgrace to the most ornamented scene. It is the property of these noble plants to harmonize with every species of landscape. They equally become the forest, and the lawn: only here they should be beautiful in their kind; and luxuriant in their growth. Neither the scathed, nor the unbalanced oak would suit a polished situation.

Here too, if the situation suits it, the elegant temple may find a place. But it is an expensive, a hazardous, and often a useless decoration. If more than one however be introduced in the same view, they crowd the scene, unless it be very extensive. More than two should in no case be admitted. In the most polished landscape, unless nature, and simplicity lead the way, the whole will be deformed.

As a contrast to parks thus laid out in the simplicity of nature, let us just throw our eyes over a park laid out with the formality of art. The comparison will not injure the principles we establish.

“ From Vauvrey recrossing the Seine, we  
 “ came to Muids. This chateau stands on  
 “ a rising ground on the north side of it;  
 “ and commands a fine prospect; having two



“ long avenues of trees, running down to  
 “ the river. Adjoining to the house are  
 “ pleasant gardens, and a paddock planted  
 “ with timber-trees in form of a star\*.”

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\* See Ducarrel's Norman Antiq. p. 42.

## S E C T. III.

FROM scenes of art, let us hasten to the chief object of our pursuit, the wild scenes of nature—the *wood*—the *copse*—the *glen*—and *open-grove*.

Under the term *wood*, we include every extensive combination of forest-trees, in a *state of nature*. All such combinations, tho without the privilege of forests, compose the same kind of scenery. The description therefore of such scenes will come most properly under the head of *forest-views*; on which we shall hereafter dwell at large. At present let us examine the smaller combinations; and first the *copse*.

The *copse* is a species of scenery composed commonly of forest-trees intermixed with brushwood; which latter is periodically cut down in twelve, thirteen, or fourteen years. In it's dismantled state therefore, nothing can be more

forlorn than the copse. The area is covered with bare roots, and knots, from which the brush-wood has been cut; while the forest-trees, intermingled among them, present their ragged stems, despoiled of all their lateral branches, which the luxuriance of the surrounding thickets had choked.

In a very short time however all this injury, which the copse hath suffered, is repaired. One winter only sees it's disgrace. The next summer produces luxuriant shoots; and two summers more restore it almost to perfect beauty.

It matters little of what species of wood the copse is composed, for as it seldom, at best, exhibits a scene of picturesque beauty, we rarely expect more from it, than a shady sequestered path; which it generally furnishes in great perfection. It is among the luxuries of nature, to retreat into the cool recesses of the full grown copse from the severity of a meridian sun; and be serenaded by the humming insects of the shade; whose continuous song has a more refreshing sound, than the buzzing vagrant fly, which wantons in the glare of day; and, as Milton expresses it,

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winds her sultry horn.

In

In distant landscape, the copse hath seldom any effect. The beauty of wood, in a distant view, arises, in some degree, from it's tuftings, which break, and enrich the lights—but chiefly from it's contrast with the plain—and from the grand shapes, and forms, occasioned by the retiring and advancing parts of the forest, which produce vast masses of light and shade; and give effect to the whole.

These beauties appear rarely in the copse. Instead of that rich and tufted bed of foliage, which the distant forest exhibits, the copse presents a meagre, and unaccommodating surface. It is age, which gives the tree it's tufted form; and the forest, it's effect. A nursery of saplings produce it not; and the copse is little more. Nor does the intermixture of full-grown trees assist the appearance. Their clumpy heads blend ill with the spiry tops of the juniors. Neither have they any connection with each other. The wood-man's judgment is shewn in leaving the timber-trees at proper intervals, that they may neither hinder each other's growth, nor the growth of the underwood. But the wood-man does not pretend to manage his trees with a view to picturesque beauty; and from his management



ment it is impossible they should produce a mass of light and shade.

Besides, the copse forms no contrast with the plain; nor presents those beautiful projections, and recesses, which the skirts of the forest exhibit. A copse is a plot of ground, portioned off for the purpose of nurturing wood. Of course it must be fenced from cattle; and these fences, which are in themselves disgusting, generally form the copse into a square, a rhomboid, or some other regular figure; so that we have not only a deformity; but a want also of a connecting tie between the wood and the plain. Instead of a softened, undulating line, we have a harsh fence.

The best effect, which the copse produces, is on the lofty banks of a river. I have the Wye particularly in my view. In navigating such a river; the deficiencies of this mode of scenery, as you view it upwards from a boat, are lost; and in almost every state it has a good effect. While it enriches the bank, it's uncouth shape, unless the fence is too much in view, and all it's other unpleasant appearances, are concealed.

When a winding walk is carried through a copse, which, as it will grow thin at the  
bottom,

bottom, and stemmy, must necessarily in a course of years, even in point of picturesque beauty, be given to the axe—shall the whole be cut down together? Or shall a border be left, as is sometimes done, on each side of the walk?

This is a difficult question; but I think all should go together. Unless the border you leave, be very broad, it will have no effect, even at present. You will see through it: it will appear meagre: and will certainly never unite happily with the neighbouring parts, when they begin to grow. At least let it not stand longer than one year. The rest of the copse will then be growing beautiful; and the border may be dispensed with, till it is replaced. But the best way certainly is, if you have courage, to cut the whole down, together. In a little time, as we observed above, it will recover it's beauty.

Nearly related to the copse, tho more the genuine offspring of nature, is the *thicket*. The thicket is an intermixture of underwood, chiefly of the thorny kind; wholly unprotected; and yet so close as to exclude all entrance. Of this species however we need say the less, as it is rarely found of any extension,  
in

in an English forest. In small patches it is frequent. We often see a few thorns intangled, and knit close together, standing out on a forest-lawn, forming some pleasing, irregular shape, and frequently adorned with an oak, or two; which, from some casual acorn, having struggled, by the force of vegetation, through the interstices of the thicket, gives dignity to what before was only a bush. Of these trees such thickets are often the satellites.

## S E C T. IV.

FROM the copse we proceed to the *glen*. A wide, open space between hills, is called a *vale*. If it be of smaller dimensions, we call it a *valley*. But when this space is contracted to a *chasm*, it becomes a *glen*. A glen therefore is most commonly the offspring of a mountainous country; tho it is sometimes found elsewhere, with it's common accompaniments of woody-banks, and a rivulet at the bottom. I know few places, where the glen may be seen in greater perfection, than among the dreary plains of Northumberland; where we frequently find streams winding through deep rocky vallies, adorned with wood; which the lofty screens protect.

The circumstances, which form the glen, it is evident, admit infinite variety. It may be more, or less contracted. It may form one  
single



single sweep; or it's deviations may be irregular. The wood may consist of full-grown trees; or of underwood; or of a mixture of both. The path, which winds through it, may run along the upper part, or the lower. Or, lastly, the rivulet may foam among rocks; or it may murmur among pebbles; or it may form transparent pools, overhung with wood; or, which is often the case, it may be totally invisible; an object only of the ear.

The most beautiful circumstances that attend the internal parts of a glen, are the glades, or openings, which are found in it. If the whole were a thicket, like the *full-grown copse*, little beauty would result. An agreeable shade only in that case, must satisfy our expectations. But the glen, whose furniture is commonly of more fortuitous growth, than that of the copse, and not so subject to periodical defalcations, exhibits generally more beautiful scenery. Particularly it abounds with frequent openings. The eye is carried down, from the higher grounds, to a sweep of the river—or to a little gushing cascade—or to the face of a fractured rock, garnished with hanging wood—or perhaps to a cottage, with it's scanty area of lawn falling to the river, on one side; and sheltered

sheltered by a clump of oaks, on the other; while the smoke wreathing behind the trees, disperse, and loses itself, as it gains the summit of the glen. Or still more beautifully perhaps the eye breaks out, at some opening, into the country; enriched with all the varieties of distant landscape—a winding stream—plains, and woods melting together—and blue mountains beyond.

As an object of distance also the woody glen has often a good effect; climbing the sides of mountains, breaking their lines, and giving variety to their bleak and barren sides.

In many places you see the glen under the hands of improvement; and when you happen to have a scene of this kind near your house, you cannot well have a more fortunate circumstance. But great care should be taken not to load it with ornament. Such scenes admit little art. Their beauty consists in their natural wildness; and the best rule is to add little; but to be content with removing a few deformities, and obstructions. A good walk, or a path, there must be, and the great art will consist in conducting it, in the easiest and most natural way to the spot, where the cascade,

cascade, the rock, or any other object, which the glen exhibits, may be seen to the best advantage. If a seat or two be thought necessary, let them be of the rudest materials; and their situation no way forced. I have often seen semi-circular areas, on these occasions, adapted to elegant seats, which have been fixed, either where openings happened to be presented, or were purposely cut through the woods. All this is awkward, and disgusting. Let no formal preparation introduce a view. A parading preface always injures a story. The eye receives more pleasure from casual, unexpected circumstances, than from objects perhaps of more real beauty, forced upon it, with parade, and ostentation.

But tho we are averse to load these sweet recesses of nature with false ornaments; yet if such scenes make a part of the *immediate environs*, or *pleasure ground*, of a house; a proper degree of ornament will of course be required. The walk must be more artificial—it's borders may be spread here and there, as in other decorated places, with flowers, and flowering shrubs—the seats may be more elegant; and a temple, or other building, may  
*perhaps*

*perhaps* find a place ; but still the same chaste spirit must regulate here, which presides over all other improvements. To run into *excess in ornament*, is one of the most obvious errors of false taste. We frequently see the effect both of the *natural scene* and of the *artificial representation*, destroyed merely by adorning.





## S E C T. V.

AS the *glen* is sometimes found in the country we are about to describe ; it was necessary just to mention it as a distinct species of woodland scenery : yet as it is not one of it's common features, we shall dwell no longer upon it ; but hasten to the *open grove*. The open grove is composed of trees arising from a smooth area ; which may consist either of pines, or of the deciduous race. I have seen beautiful groves of both. The pine-grove will always be dry, as it is the peculiar quality of it's leaves to suck up moisture : but in lightness, variety, and general beauty, the deciduous-grove excels. If indeed you wish to compose your grove in the gloomy stile, the pine-race will best serve your purpose.

The open-grove seldom makes a picturesque appearance. In *distant scenery* indeed it may

have the effect of other woods ; for the trees, of which it is formed, need not be separated from each other, as they often are in the copse ; but being well massed together, may receive beautiful effects of light.—When we *enter it's recesses*, it is not so well calculated to please. There, it wants variety ; and that not only from the smoothness of the surface ; but from the uniformity of the furniture—at least if it be an artificial scene ; in which the trees, having been planted in a nursery, grow all alike, with upright stems. And yet a walk, upon a velvet turf, winding at pleasure among these natural columns, whose twisting branches at least admit some variety, with a spreading canopy of foliage over the head, is pleasing ; and in hot weather, refreshing. Sometimes we find the open-grove of *natural growth*. It is then more various, and irregular, and becomes of course, a more pleasing scene. And yet when woods of this kind continue, as they sometimes do, in unpeopled countries, through half a province, they become tiresome ; and prove that it is not wood, but variety of landscape, that delights the eye.

Sometimes the grove, in the neighbourhood of great houses, demands a little embellishment ,  
and

and as it is naturally less rude than the glen, it is therefore more patient of improvement. A seat, or a temple according to the size, and situation of the place, may here be a proper ornament. But if the turf be neat (tho we do not often find it so under trees) or close grazed with sheep, or deer, no artificial walks are necessary. If the scene command no distant landscape; nor any view of consequence at hand, it will require in itself, a greater share of ornament. But still simplicity must be the leading idea.—One thing is absolutely necessary to compleat the idea of a grove; it's boundaries should be concealed. It is intended for a sequestered place; and should answer that idea.

I remember meeting with an ornamented scene of this kind, which was very pleasing. The grove extended along the brow of a gentle declivity; and assumed from that circumstance, a dark, close, gloomy appearance, in it's deeper recesses: tho it's opening on the lawn was light and airy, and agreeably connected with the ground. In the front of the grove stood a rude temple of Pan; and the lawn being a neat sheep-walk, the whole, tho highly po-



lished, was characteristic, harmonious, and beautiful.

The pleasing tranquility of groves hath ever been in high repute among the innocent, and refined part of mankind.

————Groves were planted to console at noon  
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve  
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between  
The sleeping leaves, is all the light he wants  
For meditation —————

Indeed no species of landscape is so fitted for meditation. The forest attracts the attention by it's grandeur; and the park-scene, by it's beauty: while the paths through copses, dells, and thickets, are too close, devious, interrupted, and often too beautiful, to allow the mind to be at perfect rest. But the uniform sameness of the grove leaves the eye disengaged; and the feet wandering at pleasure, where they are confined by no path, want little direction. The mind therefore undisturbed, has only to retire within itself. Hence the philosopher, the devotee, the poet, all retreated to these quiet recesses; and

—————from the world retired,  
Conversed with angels, and immortal forms.

In

In classic times the grove was the haunt of Gods :

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Habitarunt dii quoque sylvas.

And in the days of nature, before art had introduced a kind of combination against her, man had no idea of worshipping God in *a temple made with hands*. The *templum nemorale* was the only temple he knew.

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In the refounding wood  
All vocal beings hymned their equal God.

We have a pleasing modern instance of this simple mode of worship in the accounts given us of Mr. Westley's first preaching the gospel in America. It was generally conducted in some open part of the wide forests of the country. "The woods refounded to the voice of the preacher; or to the singing of his numerous congregation: while their horses, fastened to the trees, formed a singular addition to the scene\*."

To this idea indeed of the ancient *templum nemorale*, one of the earliest forms of the arti-

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\* See Hampson's memoirs of Westley.

*ficial temple* seems to have been indebted. Many learned men \* have thought the Gothic arch of our cathedral-churches was an imitation of the natural grove. It arises from a lofty stem; or from two or three stems, if they be slender; which being bound together, and spreading in every direction, cover the whole roof with their ramification. In the close recesses of the beechen-grove we find this idea the most complete. The lofty, narrow aisle—the pointed arch—the clustered pillar, whose parts separating without violence, diverge gradually to form the fretted roof, find there perhaps their earliest archetype.

Groves too were the scenes of superstition, as well as of religion. Here the priests of Baal performed their prophane rites: and here the back-sliding Israelites used often to screen their idolatries. The strong ideas of superstition, which these gloomy retreats impressed upon the ignorance of early ages, are finely touched by Virgil. The passage I allude to, is in the eighth book; where the story of Evander is introduced. The whole country was then, as

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\* See a note in bp. Warburton's edition of Pope's epist. to lord Burlington.

unpeopled countries commonly are, a mere forest; and as the groves, and woods presented themselves on every side, the venerable chief describing each scene to his illustrious guest, annexes to it some tale of horror, or some circumstance of religious awe.

Hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer asylum  
 Rettulit, et gelidâ monstrat sub rupe Lupercal,  
 Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycæi.  
 Nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti;  
 Testaturque locum, et lethum docet hospitis Argi.  
 Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem, et capitolia ducit.  
 Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.  
 Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes  
 Dira loci: jam tum sylvam, saxumque timebant.  
 Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,  
 (Quis deus, incertum est) habitat deus. Arcades ipsum  
 Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cum sæpe nigrantem  
 Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimboſque cieret.

I cannot conclude this section better, than with another quotation, very beautifully adapted to the subject.

—————Meditation here

May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head;  
 And learning wiser grow without it's books.  
 Knowledge, and wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men:  
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge,



Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials, with which wisdom builds,  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but incumber, whom it seems t'enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud, that it has learned so much :  
 Wisdom is humble, that it knows no more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans, and spells,  
 By which the magic arts of shrewder wits  
 Holds an unthinking multitude inthrall'd.  
 Some to the *fascination of a name*  
 Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the *stile*  
 Infatuates; and through labyrinths, and wilds  
 Of error, leads them by a *tune* entranc'd.  
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear  
 The insupportable fatigue of thought;  
 And swallowing therefore, without pause, or choice,  
 The total grist unsifted; husks, and all.  
 But trees, and rivulets, and haunts of deer,  
 And sheep-walks, populous with bleating lambs,  
 And groves, in which the primrose e'er her time  
 Peeps through the moss, that cloaths the haw-thorn root,  
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,  
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won  
 By slow sollicitation, seize at once  
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

## S E C T. VI.

HAVING thus considered various kinds of woody scenery, and traced the peculiar beauties of each ; we proceed next to the *forest*, which in a manner comprehends them all. There are few extensive forests, which do not contain, in some part or other, a specimen of every species of woody-landscape. The wild forest-view indeed differs essentially from the embellished one ; tho sometimes we find even the forest-lawn in a polished state, when browsed by deer into a fine turf, and surrounded by stately woods. *Beauty* however is not the characteristic of the forest. It's peculiar distinction is *grandeur*, and *dignity*. The scenes we have hitherto considered, are all within the reach of art ; and in fact, have all been the objects of improvement. But the forest disdains all human culture. On it the hand

hand of nature only is impressed. The forest, like other beautiful scenes, *pleases the eye*; but it's great effect is to *rouse the imagination*.

The word *forest* immediately suggests the idea of a *continued uninterrupted tract of woody country*. But forests in general are much more varied. They consist indeed of tracts of woody country: but these tracts are, at the same time, intermixed with patches of pasturage, which commonly bear the same proportion to the woods of the forest, which lawns do to the clumps of a park.—These intermingled scenes of wood, and pasturage, are again divided from other intermixtures of the same kind, by wide heaths, which are sometimes bounded by a naked line of horizon; but more frequently skirted with wood. This intermixture of wood and pasturage, with large separations of heath, give a variety to the forest, which a boundless continuance of woody scenery could not exhibit: tho it must be acknowledged, that in many forests, particularly in New-forest, these tracts of heathy country are often larger, than picturesque beauty requires.

Having given this *general idea* of the species of country, which I mean to treat under the

the

the idea of a *forest*, I shall proceed to particulars. Let me just recall to the reader's memory, what was observed before, that all *great woods*, diversified as forests are (tho not properly denominated *forests*, as not subject to *forest-laws*, will however) naturally fall under the description of forest-scenery\*.

The forest, under the division of *wood*, *pasturage*, and *beath*, presents itself to us, as a picturesque object, in a double view—as the scenery of a *fore-ground*; and as the scenery of a *distance*. In both views, it is equally an object of picturesque beauty: but as it's effects are different in each, I shall endeavour to delineate their respective beauties.

When we speak of forest-scenery, as a *fore-ground*, we mean the appearance, which it's woods present, when we approach their skirts, or invade their recesses. Forests, in their nature, are woods *ab origine*—not *newly planted*; but *natural* woods, *set apart* for the purposes of sheltering, and securing game. The trees

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\* See page 199.

therefore,



therefore, of which these natural woods, are composed, consist of all ages, and sizes, from the ancient fathers of the forest, to the scion, and the seedling. They grow also in that wild, disordered manner, which nature prescribes; as the root casually runs, which throws up the scion; or as the seed, or acorn, finds soil, and room to establish itself, and increase. But tho the richness of the scenery depends greatly on this multifarious mixture, which masses, and fills up all the various combinations; yet the most ancient trees of each species are the glory of sylvan landscape. Young trees, tho even in distant views inferior to old, will however in that situation exhibit a better appearance, than on the spot; where no forest-scenery can fill the eye, without a proper assemblage of such trees, as have seen ages pass over them. These form those bold, and rough exhibitions, in which the pride and dignity of *forest-views* consist. We have already observed, that the wild and rough parts of nature produce the strongest effects on the imagination; and we may add, they are the only objects in landscape, which please the picturesque eye. Every thing trim, and smooth, and neat, affects it coolly. Propriety

priety brings us to acquiesce in the elegant, and well-adapted embellishments of art: but the painter, who should introduce them on canvas, would be characterized as a man void of taste; and utterly unacquainted with the objects of picturesque selection.—Such are the great materials, which we expect to find in the skirts, and internal parts of the forest—trees of every kind, but particularly the oldest, and roughest of each.—We examine next the *mode* of scenery which results from their combinations.

In speaking of the glen\*, we observed that the principal beauty of it arose from those little openings, or glades, with which it commonly abounds. It is thus in the forest-woods. The great beauty of these *close scenes* arises from the openings and recesses, which we find among them.

By these I do not mean the *lawns*, and *pasturage*, which I mentioned as one of the great divisions of forest-scenery†; but merely those little openings among the trees, which are produced by various circumstances. A.

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\* See page 205.

† See page 220.

sandy bank, or a piece of rocky ground may prevent the contiguity of trees, and so make an opening ; or a tree or two may have been blasted, or have been cut down ; or, what is the happiest of all circumstances, a winding road may run along the wood.—The simple idea, which is varied through all these little recesses, is the exhibition of a few trees, seen behind others. The varieties of this mode of scenery, simple as it is, are infinite. Nature is wonderfully fertile. The invention of the painter may form a *composition* more agreeable to the rules of his art, than nature commonly produces : but no invention can reach the varieties of *particular objects*.

Waterlo delighted in these *close forest-scenes*. He penetrated their retreats ; and when he found a little opening, or recess, that pleased him, he fixed it on the spot. He studied it's various forms—how the bold protuberances of an old trunk received the light, and shade—how easily the large boughs parted ; and how negligently the smaller were interwoven—how elegantly the foliage hung ; and what various shapes it's little tuftings exhibited. All these things he observed, and copied with exact attention. His landscape, bare of objects,  
and

and of the simplest composition, had little to recommend it, but the observance of the minutiae of nature. These he characterized with truth; and these alone have given a value to his works.

On the other hand, Claude, Poussin, Salvator, and other masters, who exhibited nature *more at large*, took greater liberties. Their landscapes were generally carried into remote distance; and the beauty of their extensive scenes depended more on *composition*, and *general effect*, than on the exact resemblance of *particular objects*.

But the scenery of the internal parts of a forest is not merely confined to trees. There is often an opportunity of introducing a little more variety. The sandy bank mentioned above, the piece of rocky ground, or the winding road, are sometimes found in forests; and are always introduced with good effect. Some of the best of Waterloo's scenes are indebted to these circumstances for their beauty.

A pool of water too is a lucky incident. When it is shrouded with trees, and reflects from it's deep, black mirror the mossy branches of an oak, or other objects in it's neighbourhood, which have received a strong touch of



sun-shine, it never fails to please. But it must receive it's black hue from clearness. Where a pool is the principal part of a little landscape, the least muddiness, or stain from clay, or filth of any kind, robs it of it's beauty.

—————The green mantle of the standing pool,

as Shakespeare calls it, hurts the eye exceedingly from it's ambiguous texture. It possesses neither the character of land, nor of water.

Nor is the cottage, which is often found in the woody scenes of the forest, a circumstance without it's effect. In *nature* at least it pleases: not only as the embellishment of a scene; but as it shews us a dwelling, where happiness may reside, unsupported by wealth—as it shews us a resource, where we may still continue to enjoy peace, tho we should be deprived of all the favours of fortune. Yet on *canvas*, where the forest-view is formally introduced, the cottage is an improper decoration. In *nature*, the eye, sated with a profusion of rich forest-scenes, often seizes even the humblest circumstance as an object of relief. But when a forest-scene is *simply*, and *formally* introduced, it ought to appear, like  
itself,

itself, with the appendages of greatness. There are seasons, when a monarch may hold converse with the meanest of his subjects, without injuring his dignity; but it is not the season, when he is seated on his throne. A forest-scene, introduced in picture, is introduced with distinction; and calls for every appendage of grandeur to harmonize with it. The cottage offends. It should be a castle, a bridge, an aquaduct, or some other object that suits it's dignity.

With regard to aquaducts indeed, the Romans never suffered wood to grow near them, lest it's roots, or seeds, should insinuate themselves into the crannies of the stone, and injure the work. But there can be no impropriety, at this day, in the introduction of a ruined aquaduct amidst a woody scene; as trees of any magnitude may be supposed to have grown up, since it had fallen to decay. The scenery about the celebrated ruins of Pont-du-Gard in Languedoc is woody; and the immediate environs of it have all the rich furniture, at least they had lately, that a painter would desire.

Besides forest-trees, in which the dignity of wood-land scenery consists, it is enriched

by a variety of humble plants, which filling up the interstices, mass and connect the whole. These, however rude, we only wish to remove, when they straggle too far from the clumps, with which they are connected, and appear as spots in the area, or middle space between different combinations.

A long catalogue might be given of these humble plants, which are so useful in this harmonizing work; but it would lead me into tedious detail. The holly however should be distinguished in a general muster\*. In many situations it appears to great advantage; but particularly growing round the stem, as it often does, of some noble oak, on the foreground; and filling up all the space, to his lower boughs. In summer it is a fine appendage; and in autumn its brilliant leaf, and scarlet berry make a pleasing mixture with the wrinkled bark, and hoary moss, and auburn leaves of the venerable tree, which it incircles.—The haw-thorn too performs the same offices with good effect. Tho as a *single bush* it is sometimes offensive†; yet

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\* See page 102.

† See page 103.

intangled with an oak, or mixing with other trees, it may be beautiful.

Nor are *shrubs* alone useful in harmonizing the forest, the larger kinds of *weeds*, and wild flowers have their effect in filling up the smaller vacancies near the ground ; and add to the richness of the whole. Among these, the heath, and broom, with their purple, and yellow tints ; the fox-glove with it's pale-red pendent bells ; the wide-spreading dock ; and many of the thistle-tribe, are very beautiful. The hue of the furze too is pleasant ; but in bloom it's luxuriant yellow is too powerful. Nothing can accompany it.

But among all the minuter plants, fern is the most picturesque. I do not mean where it is spread in quantities ; but where it is sparingly, and judiciously introduced. In itself it is beautiful. We admire the form of it's leaf—it's elegant mode of hanging—and it's dark-brown polished stem. As an accompaniment also, nothing is better suited to unite the higher plants with the ground : while it's bright-green hue in summer ; and it's ocher-tint in autumn, join each season with it's correspondent tinge.



The poet indeed (who, with all his cant, is sometimes a truant to nature,) pays, in general, very little attention to these rougher objects of beauty. *His* fore-grounds are commonly adorned with the livelier tints of nature ;

—————each beauteous flower ;  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broïdering the ground.—————

And if he deign to speak of ground embellished with these rough picturesque beauties, he disdainfully calls it a place where

—————nothing teems  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty, and utility.

Of all this undergrowth I know but one plant that is disagreeable ; and that is the bramble. We sometimes see it with effect, scrawling along the fragments of a rock ; or running among the rubbish of a ruin ; and tho it is even then a coarse appendage, I should not wish to remove it from landscape. But as a *pendent plant* it has no beauty. It does not hang carelessly, twisting round every support,

support, like the hop, and others of the creeping tribe; but forms one stiff, unpliant curve. Nor has it any foliage to recommend it. In other pendent plants, the leaf is generally luxuriant, and hangs loosely in rich festoons: but in the suckers of a bramble the leaf is harsh, shrivelled, and discoloured. In short, it is a plant, which should not, I think, presume in landscape farther, than hath just been allowed: it has little beauty in itself, and harmonizes as little with any thing around it; and may be characterized among the most insignificant of vegetable reptiles.

But however beautiful these minuter plants, and wild flowers may be in the natural scene; yet no painter would endeavour to represent them with *exactness*. They are too common; too undignified; and too much below his subject. Instead of gaining the character of an exact copier of nature by a nice representation of such trifles, he would be esteemed puerile, and pedantic. Fern perhaps, or dock, if his piece be large, he might condescend to imitate: but if he wanted a few touches of red, or blue, or yellow, to enliven, and enrich any particular

spot on his foreground; instead of aiming at the exact representation of any natural plant; he will more judiciously give the tint he wants in a few random general touches of something like nature; and leave the spectator, if he please, to find out a resemblance. Botanical precision may please us in the flower-pieces of Van Huysom; but it would be paltry and affected in the landscapes of Claude, or Salvator.—The following remark I found in a work of Dr. Johnson's; which I transcribe, not only because it is judicious, and may be introduced here in place; but because it affords a new argument to shew the resemblance between poetry and painting. Johnson was a critic in the former; but I never heard, that he was a judge of the latter. His opinion therefore in a point of this kind, was unbiaffed. —“The business of a poet, says he, is, to examine—not the individual, but the species—to remark general, and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, nor describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent, and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect

neglect the minuter discriminations (which one may have remarked, and another have neglected) for those characteristics, which are alike obvious to attention and carelessness\*.”

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\* Pr. of Abyffin. p. 68.



neglect the minute distinctions (which one may have remarked, and another have not) for those characteristics which are alike to draw to attention and catch the eye.

*— B. E. C. I. —*

*— P. of Africa, p. 68 —*

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## S E C T. VII.

**H**AVING thus taken a view of the internal parts of a forest; which consist chiefly of *fore-grounds*; we shall now consider the forest in a light just the reverse, as consisting chiefly of *distances*. In both lights, it is greatly picturesque; and only more, or less so in either, as the eye is more pleased with a close, or a diffusive landscape.

We skirt, and penetrate the recesses of the woods for the *closer view*; but we frequent the forest-lawn, and heath, for the *distant one*. The beauty of those scenes, (especially of the heath, which is a large surface) depends, it is true, in a great degree, on the play, and irregularities of the ground; but chiefly it depends on the surrounding woods.

The forest-lawn *in itself* is a mere field. It is only when adorned with the furniture of surrounding woods, that it produces it's effect.

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The forest-heath also, when it is level, and bounded only by the horizon, has no charms for the eye. When it consists of well-mixed inequalities of ground, it gains somewhat more upon us. But when it is bounded by woods in various parts, and interspersed, here and there, with clumps, which gently unite it's woody boundaries with it's area, it becomes an interesting scene. Sometimes also a variety of furze, fern, and other wild plants, stain it, in many parts, with beautiful tints. Often too a winding road passes through it; or different roads traversing each other. Herds of cattle also of different kinds continually frequent it's open plains: and when these circumstances happily unite, the heath becomes one of the beautiful scenes of the forest.

As it is distant wood however, on which the forest-lawn, and especially the forest-heath depend for their principal aid, I shall dwell a little on this copious subject; and shall consider it's most pleasing circumstances under the two heads—of such as are *permanent*, and such as are *incidental*.

But

But before I enter on the subject it may not be amiss to remind the reader once more\*, that as the vast scenes of extensive forests, which we are now considering as *distances*, are not subject to art, the idea of suggesting rules to *alter*, and *improve* them, is absurd. All we mean, is, to endeavour to teach the eye to admire justly; and to apply to *artificial* landscape, those observations, which occur in *natural*: for the source of beauty is the same in both.

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\* See page 178.







*A remote Wood stretching along the Horizon If it had been  
nearer the unvaried line would have been disagreeable.*



*An irregular summit with a regular base.*







*An irregular base forming bays & promontories.*



*The summit regularly varied.*



## S E C T. VIII.

THE *permanent* beauties of a distant woody scene arise first from it's *form*. There is as much variety in the form of a *distant wood*, as in that of a single tree. We sometimes see continuous woods stretching along the horizon without any break. All seems of equal growth; the summit of the wood is contained under one strait line. This, except in very remote distance, is formal, heavy, and disgusting. The shape of distant woods is then only picturesque, when it is broken by a varied line. This variation is, in some degree occasioned by the different sizes of trees; but as the size of trees, where the distance is great, has little effect, it is chiefly, and most essentially occasioned by the inequalities of the ground.

A regular line at the *base* of a long range of woody-scenery, is almost as disgusting as at  
the

the *summit* of it. The woods must in some parts approach nearer the eye; and in other parts retire; forming the appearance of bays, and promontories. At least this is the most beautiful shape, in which they appear. Sometimes indeed the inequalities of the ground, prevent the eye from seeing the *base* of the wood: for as the *base* is connected with the ground, it is commonly more obscured than the *summit*, which ranges along the sky.

All square, round, picked, or other formal shapes in distant woods, are disgusting.

There should not only be breaks, but contrast also between the several breaks of a distant forest-scene. A line *regularly varied* disgusts as much as an unvaried one.

Among the *permanent* beauties of distant woods, may be reckoned also the various kinds of trees, of which they are often composed. Unless the distance be great, this mixture has it's effect, in the variety it produces both in form and colour. Large bodies of fir also, and other species of pines, have often a rich appearance in a distance among deciduous trees: but they must be Scotch-firs, pinasters, cluster-

cluster-pines, or other clump-headed trees. The spiry-headed race, the spruce-fir, the silver-fir and the Weymouth-pine, have here too, as well as in the clump, a bad effect. Single they are sometimes beautiful; or two or three of them, here and there, by way of contrast, in large plantations, may be picturesque: but I think they are never so in large bodies. In general however the picturesque eye is little curious with regard to the kind of trees, which compose a distant scene: for there are few kinds, which do not harmonize together. It matters more, in this bold stile of landscape, that the *masses* of each *different kind* should be large. The opposition is then strongly marked; and the contrast striking. If different trees are grouped in *small* bodies, the effect is totally lost in distance.

The last species of *permanent* beauty, which we take notice of in distant forest-scenery, arises from *works of art*. We mean not the *embellishments of art*; but such *rude works*, as may almost be stiled the works of nature—the productions of convenience, rather than of taste. We certainly draw the most picturesque



objects from the grand store-house of nature ; tho we condescend to admit *artificial* objects also ; but when they are admitted in this class, they must always be of the rough, rather than of the polished kind.

Such objects we often meet with in the wild scenes of the forest, spires, towers, lodges, bridges, cattle-sheds, cottages, winding pales, and other things of the same kind ; which have often as beautiful an effect, when seen at a *distance*, as we have just observed they have, when sparingly met with in the internal parts of a forest. Only the nearer the object is, we expect it's form must be the more picturesque. Distance, no doubt, hides defects ; and many an object may appear well in a remove, which brought nearer, would disgust the eye.

## S E C T. IX.

HAVING thus considered what may properly be called the *permanent beauties of distant forest-scenery*, we proceed to it's *incidental beauties*. These arise principally from two causes; the *weather*, and the *seasons*. As both are changeable, they both produce various appearances. The former affects chiefly the *sky*: the latter, the *earth*.

The *weather* is a fruitful source of *incidental beauty*; and there are few states of it, which do not impress some peculiar and picturesque character on landscape, to which it gives the leading tint.—A country is chiefly affected by the weather, when it is *hazy*, and *misty*—or when the sky is invested

with some *cold tint*—or when the sun *rises*—or when it *shines full* at noon—or when it *sets*—or lastly, when the day is *stormy*. Each of these different states of the weather admits much variation: but as it would be endless to trace these variations into detail, I shall take notice only of the *general effects* of each; and of these merely as they affect the forest. In other works of this kind I have touched upon these sources of incidental beauty, as they affect lakes, and mountains\*.

The calm, overcast, soft, day, such as these climates often produce in the beginning of autumn, hazy, mild, and undisturbed, affords a beautiful medium; spreading over the woods a sweet, grey, tint, which is especially favourable to their distant appearances. The internal parts of the forest receive little advantages from this hazy medium: but the various tuftings of distant woods, are wonderfully softened by it; and many a form, and many a hue, which in the full glare of sun-shine would be harsh, and discordant,

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\* See observations on the lakes of Cumberland, and Highlands of Scotland.

are melted together in harmony.—We often see the effects of this mode of atmosphere in various species of landscape; but it has no where a better effect, than on the woods of the forest. Nothing appears through mist more beautiful, than trees a little removed from the eye, when they are opposed to trees at hand: for as the foliage of a tree consists of a great number of parts, the contrast is very pleasing between the varied surface of the tree at hand, and the dead, unvaried appearance of the removed one. Very often a picture in part unfinished, pleases the eye more from contrast, than when every part is fully made out. Such often is the effect of the hazy medium.

The light-mist is only a greater degree of haziness. It's object is a *nearer distance*; as a *remote* one is totally obscured by it.—In this situation of the atmosphere not only all the strong tints of nature are obscured; but all the *smaller* variations of *form* are lost. We look only for a general mass of softened harmony; and sober colouring unmarked by any strength of effect. The vivid hues of autumn particularly, appear to great advan-



tage through this medium.—Sometimes these mists are partial; and if they happen to coincide with the composition of the landscape, this partiality is attended with peculiar beauty. I have remarked in other works of this kind\*, that when some huge promontory emerges from a spreading mist, which hangs over one part of it, it not only receives the advantage of *contrast*, but it also becomes an object of *double grandeur*. We often see the woods of the forest also with peculiar advantage, emerging through a mist in the same stile of greatness.—I have known likewise a *nearer distance*, *strongly illumined*, produce a good effect through a light drizzling shower.

Nearly allied to mists is another incidental appearance, that of smoke, which is often attended with peculiar beauty in woody scenes. When we see it spreading in the forest glade, and forming a soft bluish back-ground to the trees, which intercept it; their foliage, and ramification appear to great advantage.

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\* See observations on Scotland, v. ii. p. 174.

Sometimes also a good effect arises, when the sky, under the influence of a bleak north-wind, cold and overcast, is hung with blue, or purple clouds lowering over the horizon. If under that part of the atmosphere the distant forest happens to range, it is overspread with a deep blue, or a purple tint from the reflection of the clouds, and makes a very picturesque appearance.—And yet I should be cautious in advising the painter to introduce it with that full strength, in which he may sometimes observe it. The appearance of *blue* and *purple trees*, unless in very remote distance, offends: and tho the artist may have authority from nature for his practice; yet the spectator, who is not versed in such effects, may be displeased. Painting, like poetry, is intended to excite pleasure: and tho the painter, with this view, should avoid such images, as are trite, and vulgar; yet he should seize those only, which are easy, and intelligible. Neither poetry, nor painting is a proper vehicle for the depths of learning. The painter therefore will do well to avoid every *uncommon appearance* in nature.

Within this caution however he will spread the prevailing tint of the day over his land-

scape—over his *whole* landscape. Nature tinges all *her* pictures in this harmonious manner. It is the greyish tint; or it is the blue; or it is the purple; or it is one of the vivid tints of illumination, red, or yellow—whatever it be, it blends with *all* the lights and shadows of the piece. This great principle of harmony, which arises from the reflection of colour, (in some degree, even when the air is diaphanous,) must be observed by every painter, who wishes to procure an effect. His picture must be painted from *one pallet*: and one key, as in music, must prevail through his whole composition. As the air however is the vehicle of all these tints, it is evident, that in distances (in which we see through a deeper medium of tinged air) they will prevail most; and of course, very little on foregrounds. The painter must observe this rule of nature by bringing his tints regularly forward; and his foregrounds he must compose of such colours (mute, or vivid) as accord best with the general hue of his landscape. Yet still he will be cautious how he spreads even the prevailing tint too strongly. Much error hath arisen from this source; and some painters under the idea of harmonizing, have  
given

given us blue, and purple pictures. I know not whether Pouffin himself did not sometimes fall into this fault. Nature's veil is always pure, and transparent; yet, tho in itself hardly discoverable, it will still give it's kindred tinge to the features, which are seen through it.

We have now considered *incidental beauty* as arising from the *colder* modifications of the air. We use the word *colder*, not in a physical, but in a picturesque sense, as productive only of *sober colouring*, unattended with any force of effect.—We come now to a more illustrious family of tints, the offspring of the sun. These are fertile sources of *incidental beauty* among the woods of the forest. The characteristic of them is *strong effect*.—Let us first examine the incident of a *rising sun*.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity.—When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence; a pleasing, progressive light, dubious, and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye; which, by such slender aid creates a  
thousand



thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown; and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting it's vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood, and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only *form*, being now inlightened, begins to receive *effect*. This effect depends on two circumstances, the *catching lights*, which touch the summits of every object; and the *mistiness*, in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing, when the sun rises in *unsullied brightness*, diffusing it's ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below: yet the effect is then only transcendent, when he rises, accompanied by a train of vapours, in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions: and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the  
sun's

sun's disk just appear above a woody hill; or in Shakespear's language,

——stand tip-toe on the misty mountain's top,

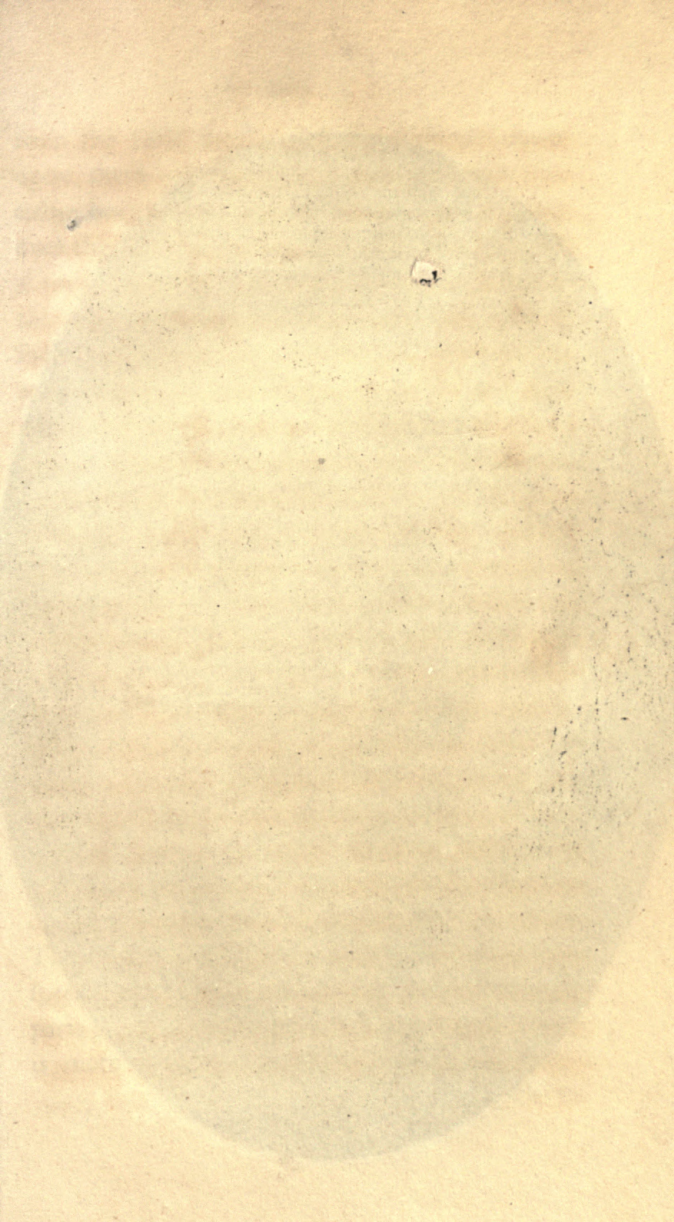
and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees, as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep; and touching here and there, a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes it's ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts; while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion; in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant, (for it is always a vanishing scene) it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature.——Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects, which is often picturesque: but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights, which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning, and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures, the rising from the setting sun;

sun; tho their characters are very different, both in the lights, and shadows. The ruddy lights indeed of the evening are more easily distinguished: but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed, that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque, than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction; and may continue in action after the sun is set. Whereas in the morning, the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light, but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

The *incidental beauties*, which the *meridian sun* exhibits, are much fewer than those of the *rising sun*. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his *perpendicular* ray, all is illumination: there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light; no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist therefore rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of trees, which of all objects are the richest,  
from









from the little breaks of strong light and shade upon them—the recesses formed by the retiring boughs—the lighter foliage thus hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly however of the *internal scenes* of the forest, which bear such *total brightness*, better than any other; as in them there is generally a *natural gloom* to balance it. The light, obstructed by close, intervening trees, will rarely predominate. Hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood, through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage: especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an *open country*, the most fortunate circumstance, that attends a meridian sun, is *cloudy weather*; which occasions *partial lights*. Then it is, that the distant forest-scene is spread with lengthened gleams; while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow. Nothing is more beautiful in itself: nothing illustrates  
more

more happily that great principle, the gradation of light. The tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch these effects with advantage. There is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light, and shade, which is wonderfully fine, and a softness, which is very favourable to the principle of gradation. A distant forest, thus illumined, wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun *descends*, the effect of it's illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt, whether the rising, or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendor, and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun, are produced by the vapours which envelop it. The setting sun rests it's glory on the gloom, which often accompanies it's parting rays. A depth of shadow, hanging over the eastern hemisphere, gives the beams of the setting-sun such powerful effect, that altho in fact they are by no means equal to the splendor of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior.

A distant

A distant forest-scene, under this brightened gloom, is particularly rich. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with glowing colours.

The internal parts of the forest, are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting-sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture \*: but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against it's horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam, amidst the gloom of the woods, which surround it: but this can only be had in the out-skirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in it's internal parts, tho hardly in it's deep recesses, splendid lights, here and there, catching the foliage, which tho in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvas.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene, corruscations, like a bright star, occasioned by

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\* See page 253.



a sun-beam darting through an eyelet-hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting it is one of those trifles, which produces no *effect*. In poetry indeed it may produce a pleasing image. Shakespear hath introduced it beautifully; where speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

——fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances, which poetry may offer to the *imagination*; but the pencil cannot well produce to the *eye*; and if it could, it were better omitted; as it attracts the attention from what is more interesting.

Under the sameness of Italian skies the beauties of a setting-sun are hardly known. There the radiant orb courses his way with equal splendor from one end of the hemisphere to the other. He sets gloriously, but with little variety. Nothing refracts his beam. To the vapours of grosser climates, we owe those beautiful tints, which accompany his whole journey through the skies; but especially his parting ray.

Thus

Thus far the sources of incidental beauty are all derived from *milder skies*. But the turbulence of the atmosphere is still a more fruitful source of picturesque effect, in the forest, as in other scenes. Unaided indeed by sun-shine the storm has little power. But when the force of the tempest separates the clouds into large, dark, convex forms; and the rays of the sun stream from behind them athwart a clear horizon, if the objects correspond, a very sublime picture is exhibited.

No master was better acquainted with these circumstances than the younger Vandervelt. In all his sea-storms he avails himself of them; and is remarkable for the grand masses of light, and shade, which he produces.

The land-storm is equally a source of beauty. When the tempest scowls over the forest, as we traverse it's deep recesses, what grandeur do the internal parts of it receive from the casual ray darting upon them! Or when we view it as a distant object, and see the storm blackening behind the trees; with what wonderful effect does the sun, in an

opposite direction, strike their tufted heads ! But if that sun be setting, while the tempest is brewing over the hemisphere, black towards the east—lurid—more purple—and glowing with red, as it advances towards the west—then it is, that the utmost value is given to it's *effect*. The castle, the lake, or the forest-scene, whether viewed in shadow against the ruddy light, or illumined under the storm ; appear in full grandeur ; and we see all that light and shade in extreme contention, yet fully harmonized, can produce.

Vain are thy hopes by colouring to display  
 The bright effulgence of the noon-tide ray ;  
 Or paint the full-orbed ruler of the skies  
 With pencils dipt in dull, terrestrial dyes.  
 But when mild evening sheds her golden light,  
 When morn appears, arrayed in modest white ;  
 When soft suffusions of the vernal shower,  
 Dims the pale sun ; or, at the thund'ring hour,  
 When wrapt in crimson clouds, he hides his head ;  
 Then catch the glow, and on the canvas spread.

I know no appearance indeed in nature, that is more awfully grand, than the conjunction of a storm, and a sun-set, on some noble mass of forest-scenery. We may easily conceive, that ignorance and superstition might  
 magnify

magnify such a resplendent gloom into something supernatural. In a passage, which I lately quoted from Virgil, an idea of this kind is very picturesque, as well as poetically introduced. It is in the interview between Æneas and Evander, when the old chief informs his noble guest, that frequently in tempests the simple Arcadians believed, they saw heavenly forms behind the groves of the Tarpeian rock.

Hoc nemus; hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,  
(Quis deus, incertum est) habitat deus. Arcades ipsum  
Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cum sæpe nigrantem  
Ægida concuteret dextra, nimboſque ciceret. /

As these great effects are certainly the most picturesque of all aerial appearances, it is rather surprizing, that landscape-painters, in general, make so little use of them. It is much more common to see landscape painted under the uniform brightness of an equal light, than to see it illumined by these grand circumstances of the atmosphere, in which light, and shade are so happily combined.

The landscape-painter may say, that effects like these are uncommon; and he chooses to paint nature as he generally sees her.



The idea is good: but certainly these effects are common enough to have been often the object of *every one's* observation. He will not, I suppose, take the commonest *objects* as he finds them. And if he select his *objects*; why not the *most beautiful mode of exhibiting them*? The great effects of morning and evening suns, of mists, and storms, are not more uncommon, than natural combinations of beautiful objects.—But the real truth seems to be, that such effects are the most difficult to manage, and require great study, and observation. The artist therefore, who paints for his bread, rather than his character (an evil attending the art, which can never be removed) chooses such an exhibition of light, and shade, as is the most easy to himself; and may likewise be most pleasing to the generality of his undistinguishing employers. Hence we have so great a number of glaring landscapes, which depend on nothing, but the beauty, and colouring of a few particular objects; without any attention to those grand effects, which make landscape by many degrees, the most sublime, and interesting.

It is perhaps one of the great errors in painting (as indeed it is in literary, as well  
as

as in picturesque composition) to be more attentive to the finishing of *parts*, than to the production of a *whole*. Whereas the master's great care should be, first to contrive a *whole*; and then to adapt the *parts*, as artificially as he can. I speak of *imaginary* landscape: when he paints a *particular view*, his management must be just the reverse. He has the *parts* given him; and he must form them into a *whole*, as he can: and this is often difficult.

Nothing however tends so much to produce a whole, as a proper distribution of light, and shade; which we best obtain, when we present a landscape under one of these grand effects of nature. A common sun-shine furnishes *lights*—not *masses*.—It may throw a beautiful illumination on *particular objects*; but the *grand effects of nature* furnish the only opportunities of forming the *masses of each*.

What gives the most grandeur to these effects is a *predominancy of shade*; which has always more dignified ideas annexed to it, than a *predominancy of light*. And yet how little is this observed? In the generality of pictures, and prints, you see the balance on

the other side ; and are often offended with glaring spots of light, which destroy the idea of a whole. The painter should examine his piece therefore with great care. He may put out one light, after another ; and reviewing his work with a fresh eye, may still find some glaring part to erase, before he venture it abroad. On this occasion he may apply with good sense, and form into an adage, a very nonsensical expression, (as it appears) in Shakespear :

Put out the light—and then—put out the light.

If the artificial representation of *every* subject seems rather to require a balance of shade, in *sublime subjects* it is still more required. All writers on sublime subjects deal in shadows, and obscurity\*. The grandeur of Jehovah is commonly represented by the Hebrew writers behind a cloud. The *imagination* makes up deficiencies by grander ideas, than it is possible for the pencil to produce. Many images owe much of their sublimity to their *indistinctness* ; and frequently what we call sublime is the effect of that heat and fermentation, which

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\* See Burke on the sublime.

ensues in the imagination from it's ineffectual efforts to conceive some dark, obscure idea beyond it's grasp. Bring the same within the compass of it's comprehension, and it may continue *great*; but it will cease to be *sublime*. This species of the *sublime* is oftener found in the composition of the poet than of the painter. In general, the poet has great advantages over the painter, in the process of *sublimication*, if the term may be allowed. The business of the former is only to *excite ideas*; that of the latter, to *represent them*. The advantage of excited, over represented ideas is very great, inasmuch as they are in some degree the reader's own production, and are susceptible of those modifications, which make them peculiarly acceptable to the mind, in which they are raised. Whereas the others being confined within a distinct, and unalterable outline, admit of none of the modifications, which flatter the particular taste of the spectator, but must make their way by their own intrinsic force.





## S E C T. X.

WE have now treated of the *incidental beauty* of forest-scenery as arising from the *weather*; we examine it next as arising from the *seasons*. Each season hath beauties peculiar to itself.

The early spring is not very favourable to the study of landscape. Nature is yet unfolding herself, and is in her progress only to perfection. The bloom of many trees, gay and fantastic in its colouring, and form, may be beautiful and curious in itself; but is ill-adapted to harmonize, and unite with other objects. And yet we sometimes see tints, which produce a pleasing effect. The budding oak displays great variety. Among neighbouring oaks, the bud of one is a tender green; of another almost yellow; of a third an oker-brown, perhaps nearly inclining to red; yet each

each of these, as it opens, will probably accord harmoniously with the tint of it's neighbour. But all trees have not the accommodating qualities of the oak: the early shoots of ever-greens, particularly of the Scotch-fir, are seldom in harmony with the foliage of the parent-tree.

As summer advances, the forest assumes a more determined, and connected form. The germs and leaves are all unfolded; the hue of the foliage becomes harmonious; and the tuftings of the trees are prepared as beds for masses of light to rest on; which the spray, and the bloom of early spring, unconnected, and unformed, could not fully receive.

So far we have gained by the progress of the year. But the great objection to summer arises from the uniformity of it's hue. The face of nature is covered with one unvaried mantle of green: for tho the nicer eye may trace many shades in this general colour; yet, on the whole, it is both too vivid, and too uniform, for the pencil.

The

The reign of *summer* scarcely indures three months. The leaves, within that period, begin to change their hue, and give way to autumn; which presents an appearance much more picturesque; and indeed the most replete with *incidental beauty* of any season of the year. This is so evident, that painters have chosen the autumn, with almost universal predilection, as the season of landscape. The leafy surface of the forest is at that time, so varied; and the masses of foliage are yet so full, that they allow the artist great latitude in producing his tints, without injuring the breadth of his lights.

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The fading, many-coloured woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown; a varied umbrage, dusk, and dun;  
 Of every hue, from wan, declining green,  
 To footy dark—

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Yet the autumn, in it's wane, is not so pleasing. It has too forlorn an aspect. The leaves are withered; and their tufts shrivelled, and shapeless. This remark however affects trees only at hand. The home-plantation suffers, where you walk so near the fading tree,



tree, as to see nature in decay: but at a distance the withered effect is not easily discerned.—In the wane of autumn however there are other defects. The ash, and some other trees, have deserted their station, in the forest: they have shed their leaves, and left a cheerless blank.—Besides, the verdure of the forest is too much wasted; and the brown, and yellow tints, beautiful as they are, become too predominant: for the prevalence of these hues in autumn, fatigues the eye no less than the prevalence of green in summer. Only indeed the autumnal tints will ever be more varied. The intermediate time is the season of picturesque beauty; when the greens, and the browns, and the yellows, are blended together by a variety of *middle tints*, which often create the most exquisite harmony.

Of all the hues of autumn, those of the oak are commonly the most harmonious. As it's vernal tints are more varied, than those of other trees; so are it's autumnal. In an oaken wood you see every variety of green, and every variety of brown; owing either to the different exposure of the tree; it's different soil; or it's different nature: but it is not my business to enquire into causes.

In

In the beechen grove you seek in vain for this variety. In the early autumn indeed you see it, when the extremities only of the tree are just tinged with oker: but as the year advances, the eye is generally fatigued with one deep monotony of orange; tho among all the hues of autumn, it is in itself perhaps the most beautiful. The painter imitates it the most happily by a touch of terra de Sienna. But the eye is palled even with beauty in profusion, and calls for contrast.

The same uniformity reigns, tho of a different hue, when ash, or elm prevails. No fading foliage indeed of any *one* kind that I know, produces harmony, except that of the oak.

The hues however of the *distant forest*, when most discordant, are often harmonized by the intervening trees on the *foreground*. We can bear the glow of the distant beech-wood, when it is contrasted at hand by a spreading oak, whose foliage hath yet scarce lost it's summer-tint—or by an elm, or an ash, whose fading leaves have assumed a yellowish hue.

But after all, the autumnal forest is an instrument easily untuned. One frosty night, or parching blast, may introduce some striking

ing discord; tho on the other hand, it is true, by softening some discordant tint, it may as easily introduce a harmony, which did not exist before. Here art comes to the aid of nature. The pencil fixes the scene in the happy moment; and the fading tints of autumn become perennial.

I have known some planters endeavour, in their improvements, to range their trees in such a manner; as in the wane of the year, to receive all the beauty of autumnal colouring. The attempt is vain, unless they could so command the weather as to check, or produce at pleasure, those tints, which nature hath subjected to so many accidents. A general direction is all that can be given. Oak is rarely in discord; but beech and elm can as rarely be depended on. All must be left to chance; and after the utmost that art can do, the wild forest, with it's casual discords, and monotonies, will present a thousand beauties, which no skill of man can rival.

Thus the beauties of the waning year are fixed rather by the weather, than by the calendar. We often see them vanish in october: and we sometimes see a fine autumnal effect in the beginning of november: nay even later

we

we may trace the beauties of the declining year, and

————— catch the last smile  
Of autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

Even when the beauty of the landscape is gone, the charms of autumn may remain. After the rage of summer is abated ; and before the rigours of winter are yet set in, there are often days of such heavenly temperature, that every mind must feel their effect. Thompson, to whom the beauties of nature were familiar, thus describes a day of this kind :

————— The morning shines,  
Serene in all it's dewy beauties bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
O'er all the soul it's sacred influence breathes,  
Inflames imagination, through the breast  
Infuses every tenderness, and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

To the picturesque beauties of autumn we may add, that the setting sun, at that season, is commonly richer, than when the days are of the same length in the spring ; or indeed at any other season.

But



But the *leafy forest* is not solely the object of *incidental beauty*. The picturesque eye finds great amusement even in it's wintry-scenes; when it has thrown it's rich mantle aside, and appears to the common eye naked, and deformed.

The hazy sun-shine of a frosty morning, is accompanied with an indistinctness peculiar to itself. The common haziness of a summer-day spreads over the landscape one general grey tint; and as we have had occasion to remark in different circumstances, is often the source of great beauty. But the effect we are here observing, is of a different kind. It is generally more partial—more rich—and mixing with streaks of different coloured clouds, which often form behind it, produces a very pleasing effect.

Great beauty also arises in winter from the different tints of the spray. The dark brown spray of the birch, for instance, has a good effect, among that of a lighter tinge: and when the forest is deep, all this little busyness of ramification hath, in some degree, the effect of foliage.

The

The boles of trees likewise, and all their larger limbs, add, at this season, a rich variety, and contrast to the forest; the smooth and the rough, the light and the dark, often beautifully opposing each other. In winter, the *stem* predominates, as the *leaf* in summer. It is amusing in one season to see the branches losing, and discovering themselves among the foliage; and it is amusing also, in the other, to walk through the desolate forest, and see the various combinations of stem—the traversing of branches across each other, in so many beautiful directions—and the pains, which nature takes in forming a *wood*, as well as a *single tree*\*. She leaves no part unclosed; but pushing in the branch, or the spray, as the opening allows, she fills all vacant space; and brings the heads of the trees, which grow near each other, into contact; while every step we take, presents us with some beautiful variety in her mode of forming the fretted roof, under which we walk.

In winter too the effect of ever-greens is often pleasing. Holly, when it happens to

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\* See page 106.

be well combined, and mixed in just proportion, makes an agreeable contrast. Ivy hanging round the oak, if it be not too profuse, we have already observed, is a beautiful appendage to it's grandeur. I have seen some parts of the forest, where the stem of almost every tree was covered with it. This indeed was not picturesque; but it gave the wood a very odd appearance, by exhibiting so total an inversion of nature. In summer, the tops of the trees are green, and their stems commonly bare. Here the tops were bare, while the stems were in full leaf.

In a light hoar-frost, before the sun, and air begin to shake the powder from the trees, the wintry forest is often beautiful; and almost exhibits the effect of tufted foliage.—As single objects also, trees, under this circumstance, are curious. The black branches, whose under-sides are not covered with rime, often make a singular contrast with the whitened spray. Trees of minuter ramification and foliage, as the beech, the elm, and the fir, appear under this circumstance, to most advantage. The ash, the horse-chestnut, and other plants of coarser form, have no great beauty.—Trees also, thus covered with

with hoar-frost, have sometimes—if not a picturesque—at least an uncommon effect, when they appear against a lurid cloud; especially when the sun shines strongly upon them.

But altho many appearances in winter are beautiful, and amusing; and some of them even picturesque; yet the judicious painter will rarely introduce them in landscape; because he has choice of more beautiful effects, when nature appears dressed to more advantage.

Picturesque pleasure arises from two sources—from the *beauty, and combination of the objects* represented; and from the *exactness of the representation*. Thus we are pleased with the picture of a noble landscape, the composition of which is just, and the lights well-disposed: and yet a sort of pleasure arises from seeing a bright table, a deal-board, or a rasher of bacon naturally represented\*. But while the former

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\* Deceptions of this kind used frequently to be hung up in the exhibition-room, in London, among the works of capital artists, where indeed they were unworthy of a place.

Since this passage was written, I have met with the following excellent remark in one of Sir Joshua Reynold's notes on Mr.



former of these is the work of genius, the latter is a mere mechanical knack. The one therefore is admired by the man of taste—the other, except for a moment, only by the ignorant, and uninformed.

This is just the case before us. The painter, who chooses a winter-subject, in general, gives up composition, and effect, to shew how naturally he can represent snow, or hoar-frost. It is almost impossible to produce a good effect with these appendages of winter: they must naturally create false, and glaring lights; to which the painter generally makes his composition subservient.

Among the sources of incidental beauty in a forest, may be mentioned, (what perhaps may appear odd) the felling of timber. If you wish to fell trees with some particular

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Mason's translation of Fresnoy, p. 114.——"Deception, which is so often recommended by writers on the theory of painting, instead of advancing the art, is in reality carrying it back to it's infant state. The first essays of painting were certainly nothing but mere imitations of individual objects; and when this amounted to a *deception*, the artist had accomplished his purpose.

view

view to improvement, the intention is often frustrated. It must be done artfully, and considerately, or in general, your design will be frustrated. The master of the scene himself, who is always on the spot, and examines it frequently from every stand, if he be a man of taste, will be the best improver, and direct the felling axe with most judgment. At the same time, we frequently see trees cut down carelessly, for the purpose of utility, which have opened greater beauties, than any they possessed themselves, when standing; tho the preconceived loss of them was greatly lamented. But this can only happen where trees abound.

I shall conclude this enumeration of the incidental beauties belonging to forest-scenery, with an appendage, which we frequently see in it—that of a timber-wain, an object of the most picturesque kind, especially when drawn by oxen. Here the tree when dead, adorns again the landscape, which it adorned when living. A gilded chariot is an object, which art has industriously tricked out, and decorated. It is of a piece therefore with

all such artificial objects, as are the most unlike nature. Whereas the timber-wain is at least a piece of simple art; and the rudeness of it's form, and materials, is a property, which it has in common with the works of nature.——Oxen too are more picturesque in themselves than horses.——Much of the beauty however of this incident arises from it's being adapted to the scene. A wain of timber is beautiful in a forest, but would lose much of it's beauty in the streets of a town.

Thus I have enumerated the most common sources of *permanent*, and *incidental* beauty in forest-landscape. I have insisted only on the most *common* sources. An eye, inquisitive in the scenes of nature, will investigate many others.——Having detained the reader perhaps too long in this examination, I shall endeavour to relieve him by a few general observations on *forest-history*.

## S E C T. XI.

**P**ERHAPS of all species of landscape, there is none, which so universally captivates mankind, as forest-scenery: and our prepossession in favour of it appears in nothing more, than in this; that the inhabitants of bleak countries, totally destitute of wood, are generally considered, from the natural feelings of mankind, as the objects of pity.

Pliny has given us a view of this kind, which he tells us, he took himself upon the spot. It represents a bleak sea-coast in Zealand, before that country was embanked; the inhabitants of which he speaks of as the most wretched of human beings. It is true, there are other wants, besides that of scenery, which enter into the idea of their wretchedness; yet I dare affirm, that if Pliny had found the same people, with all their wants



about them, in a country richly furnished with wood, he would have spoken of them in different language.—Pliny's picture is in itself so good, and is likewise so excellent a contrast to the scenes, which we have just examined, that I think it worth inserting. I shall rather give the general sense of the passage, than an exact translation of it.

“ This coast, says he, lies so much lower than the ocean, that the tides daily overflow it. The inhabitants build their huts on little eminences, which they either find, or construct on the shores; and which serve to raise their dwellings just above the water-mark. These dwellings, or rather cabins, when the tide rises, often seem like floating boats: and when it retires, the inhabitants appear like stranded mariners; and their cottages like wrecks. Their harvest is the ebbing of the sea: during which they are every where seen running about in quest of fish; and pursuing them in each little creek of the shore, as the tide deserts it. They have neither horse, nor cow, nor domestic animal of any kind; and as to game, they have not the least appearance of a bush, to shelter it. The whole employment of this wretched people is fishing. They  
make

make their nets of sea-weed; and dry a kind slimy mud, for fuel. Rain-water is their only drink, which they preserve in ditches, dug before their cabins\*.”

Such is Pliny's picture of this bleak, and desolate country. From the very feelings of nature, we shudder at it. Whereas the idea of the forest is pleasing to every one. The case is, tho there may be as much real misery amidst beautiful scenery; yet beautiful scenery covers it. Wretchedness is often felt under splendid apparel; but it does not strike us in such attire, as it does in rags.

That man was originally a forest-animal appears from every page of his early history. Trace the first accounts of any people, and you will find them the inhabitants of woods; if woods were to be found in the countries in which they lived. Caves, thickets, and trunks of trees, were their retreats: and acorns their food; with such beasts, as they took in hunting; which afforded them only a precarious supply.

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\* See Pliny's Nat. hist. book xvi. cap. 1.

Hæc nemora indigenæ Fauni, nymphæque tenebant  
 Genſque virum truncis, et duro robore nata\* :

Queis neque mos, neque cultus erat; nec jungere tauros,  
 Aut componere opes norant, ant parcere parto;  
 Sed rami, atque asper victu venatus alebat.

If indeed they lived near a coast, like the Zealanders described by Pliny, they obtained a livelihood by fishing. But with the savages of the coast we have nothing to do. Our attention is only engaged by the savage of the woods.

While man continued thus an inmate of the forest, it is possible he might have sagacity to build himself a hut of boughs, which he might cover with clods: and yet it is more probable, that while he continued the mere child of nature, he was contented with the simple shelter, which Virgil above supposes his common mother furnished; the imbowering thicket, or the hollow trunk; as summer, or winter led him to prefer an open, or a closer cover. Strabo speaks of certain Asiatics, even so late in the history of mankind, as the times of Pompey the great, who harboured, like

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\* Born, and living in trunks of trees, as Ruæus well explains it; not produced from them.

birds,

birds, in the tops of trees\*. And I think the savages about Botany-bay are not represented by our late discoverers in a much more improved condition.

Man in this solitary state (for scarcity of food forbid any enlarged ideas of society) waged but unequal war with his brother-savages, the brutes. Most of them out-stripped him in speed : many of them contended with him in strength ; and some nearly equalled him in sagacity.

The human savage thus finding himself hard put to it, even to defend his own, might look round for assistance. The dog, whose friendly manners † might solicit his acquaintance,

\* Lib. xii. p. 549. edit. Casaub.

† That there is something very harmonious between the human and canine nature, is the observation of all naturalists. Every other domestic animal is attached to his habitation : the dog alone to his master. Build a shed for horses, or cows, in any place ; and let them be well supplied with food ; and they are perfectly happy. They know their keeper indeed ; but they are no way disturbed, if his loss be supplied by another, who feeds them as well. Let a family leave a house, and a new family occupy it, the cat complains of nothing ; except the bustle of a remove. But the dog, carry him where you will, and feed him with the most grateful food, enjoys for a long



tance, was probably one of his first associates. This union made a powerful party in the forest. The great object of it however was rather food, than conquest. The dog, and his master were both carnivorous animals; and they soon began to gratify their appetites at the expence of their fellow-brutes. The one conducting, and the other executing the plan, few creatures could oppose them\*.

But

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long time, no happiness, if he be deprived of his beloved master. He forms new attachments in time: but he never forgets an old friendship. The friendship of a dog Homer has thought of consequence to introduce in an epic poem.

\* In the third volume of the literary society of Manchester, we have a letter from Dr. Rush of Pennsylvania; in which there is an account of the mode of settling in the American woods. These settlers seem to be little better, than the savages represented above.

The first object of the settler is to build a small cabin of rough logs. The light is received through the crevices of the door; and sometimes through a window of greased paper. To this labour succeeds that of killing the trees around his cabin, (for he has not time to fell them) which is done by hacking off the bark around each, about two or three feet from the root. Having thus obtained air, and sunshine, he ploughs a little patch of ground, from which he obtains a crop of Indian corn. In the mean time he feeds his family on fish, and game, with a small quantity of grain, which he brought with him. His cow and horse find pasture enough.—As population increases  
around

But man, from the beginning, was an ambitious animal. Having filled his belly, he aspired after dominion. For this purpose it was necessary for him to procure a better ally, than that he had chosen. He had yet but little connection with his fellow. To join, now and then, in a hunting-party was all the intercourse he knew. It was little more than such a league, as is found among wolves, jackalls, and other animals, that hunt in packs. Ideas of society however by degrees took place. The dawnings of social compact appeared. Man now throwing off the brute, thought it good to leave his scattered tenements, and to assemble in hords. The rudiments of law were traced, and some rude sketch of subordination. In earnest he began now to shew his dominion. By fellowship he had increased his strength. The horse, the bullock, and other animals were

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around him he becomes more straitened. Formerly his cattle ranged at large. He is now called on by his neighbours to keep them within fences, to prevent their trespassing. And if he cannot bear the restrictions of society, which more and more circumscribe him, he must retreat still farther into the woods; and giving up the produce of his labour for a trifling consideration, must begin, as many do, his savage life anew.

reclaimed

reclaimed from the forest; some for social assistance; and others for a less precarious supply of food; while the shaggy tenants of the forest, which were hostile to his plans, began every where to give way; prowling only by night; and skulking by day in such deep recesses, as might best secure them from the formidable association, which had taken place.

But still his native forest was his delight. Here, in some opening surrounded with woods, the herd first settled. Here the first attempts of architecture were made: the krail was laid out by rule, and line; and the first draughts of regular defence were imagined. Cæsar, with all his boasted conquests, found the Gauls, the Britons, and the Germans scarce emerging from this state of barbarism. His commentaries every where shew them to have been forest-people; retreating before him into their fastnesses, and impeding his march by felling timber in his way. The Britons, he expressly tells us\*, gave the name of a town

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\* Oppidum Britanni vocant, quum sylvas impeditas vallo, atque fossâ municrunt. De Bell. Gal. Lib. v.

to a part of a forest, which they had fortified with a rampart, and a ditch.

But Cæsar saw the British town only in time of war. Strabo gives us a picture of one in time of peace. " Forests, says he, were the only towns in use among them, which were formed by cutting down a large circle of wood; and erecting huts within it, and sheds for cattle."\*—The same author, afterwards describing a town of this kind, shews more exactly the mode of fortifying it. It was the practice, he tells us, to intermix, and weave together, the branches of thorny trees, and strengthen them with stakes.

As the arts of civilization increased, man began to feel, that the forest could not afford him the conveniences he wished. Wants multiplied upon him; which he could not indulge amidst it's recesses. He chose open situations for tillage—the neighbourhood of rivers for mills, and manufactures—and descended to the sea-coast for commerce, which he extended to the most distant parts.

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\* Lib. vii. p. 292, edit. Cafaub.



Thus genial intercourse, and mutual aid  
 Cheered what were else an universal shade;  
 Called nature from her ivy-mantled den,  
 And softened human rock-work into men.

When man became thus refined, we leave him. When he relinquished the forest, we have no farther connection with him. His haunts, and habits are no longer the object of conjecture. They become the subject of recorded history. To the sage historian therefore we now consign him; and return to the forest, which at this day in most parts of the world, where any forests remain, is left in possession of the brute creation.

Under the burning suns of Lybia, in the forests of Zara, and Bildulgerid, the lordly lion reigns. He harbours too in the woods of India; but there he is an ignoble brute, compared with the lion of Africa. The African lion is a beast of unrivalled prowess. Nothing appalls him. From his dark recesses in the forest, he sometimes eyes the numerous caravan; men, horses, and camels, marching in slow cavalcade along the burning sands of Barca. He lashes his tail; collects his strength; and bounding forward, tho single,

gle, attacks the whole. He is received by a brigade of pointed spears; and soon overpowered: but in the bravery of his soul, he dies without a wish to retreat.

In the forests of Mallabar, and Bengal, the tyger roams. Of this animal there are various kinds; the largest and fiercest is called the royal-tyger. Of all the savages of the forest, he is the most active, the most insidious, and the most cruel.

The forests of India are inhabited also by the gentle and inoffensive elephant. This animal commonly marches in social bands. The traveller hears them at a distance, as they traverse the forest; marking their rout, by the crush, and desolation of thickets, and intervening woods. He listens without dismay; and even waits to be a spectator of the unweildy procession, as it moves along.

———Dat euntibus ingens

Sylva locum; et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.

The monkey inhabits the woods both of Africa, and India; and, what is singular, where he chooses to take possession, he may be called the lord of the forest. The lion himself gives way; not being able to bear, as travellers report, the incessant tricking of that mischievous brute; whose agility prevents correction. But the human figure is of all others, the object of his highest derision. If such a phenomenon appear in his domains, the whole society are called together by a whoop. From curiosity they proceed to insolence; chattering, grinning, and throwing down fruit, cones, withered sticks, or any thing their situation furnishes. Fire-arms can scarce repress them.—In some forests where the ape, the baboon, and other larger species of this disgusting tribe inhabit, the traveller must be well guarded to pass in security.

In south-America, in the wide forests of Brazil, and Paraguay, along the banks of the Amazon, the cougar, a species of tyger, is the most formidable animal. Possessed of amphibious

amphibious nature, he plunges into the river, and carries his devastations beyond that mighty stream. Buffon relates, that he has been known to cross the sea, in large companies, between the continent, and the island of Cayenne; and, in the infancy of that colony, to have kept it in constant alarms.

In north-America the moose-deer seems intitled to the appellation of lord of the forest; an animal represented by many travellers, as high as an elephant, and of a nature as gentle. With stately tread he traverses the vast woods of fir; and crops the cones, and pine-tops beyond the reach of any other animal.—When the forest is covered with snow, and crufted over with frost, he is marked by the wild American for certain destruction. His feet sink deep in the faithless surface; and his flight is impeded: while his pursuers, mounted on snow-shoes, attack and retreat at pleasure; assailing him with shot, or arrows, on every side: and when he falls, half a township is employed to drag him to their habitations; where the noble carcase is received in triumph, and at once suspends the effects of famine. If



food be plentiful, he is hunted for his skin. But tho his nature is gentle, like many other animals, he will turn upon his pursuer, if he be wounded. He fights with his fore-feet. We have a story well authenticated of a hunter, on whom a wounded moose-deer turned. He was found in the woods pounded into a jelly : his very bones were broken in pieces ; and the deer, having exhausted his fury, was found lying dead beside him.

The woods of Germany nourish the wild boar, a beast by no means among the ignoblest of the forest. His form, the shape of his head, his short erect ears, his tusks, his thick muscular shoulders, adorned with bristles, and the lightness of his hind quarters, so contrary to the domestic-hog, which is a round lump, are all highly picturesque. Such also are his colour, a grisly brown ; and his coat, covered in many parts, as well as his shoulders, with long, sweeping bristles. Nor are his gait, attitude, and motion, inferior to his form.— This beast, during the three first years of his life, herds with the litter, among which he was produced. He is then called by  
foresters

foresters a *beast of company*. In his fourth year he assumes the title of a *wild boar*—ranges the forest alone—becomes royal game—and at this day furnishes amusement for half the princes of the empire.

From the forests of the Pyrennees, when winter rages, the famished wolves rush down in troops. All the country is in arms; and the utmost vigilance, and force, of men and dogs, can scarce repress such a torrent of invasion.

In the gloomy forests of Lapland, where the pine is covered with black moss, the hardy rein-deer browzes. If he descend into the plain, his food differs only in hue. With these two kinds of moss, the black, and the white, the whole face of Lapland is discoloured; and when the diminutive native of the country sees the wastes around him, abound with this semi-vegetable, he blesses his stars, and calls it luxury. His rein-deer, supported by this cheerless pasturage, supplies him with every thing that nature wants. It gives him

food—it gives him milk—it gives him cloathing—and carries him wrapped in fur, and seated in his sledge, with amazing velocity from one desert to another.

Thus most of the forests of the earth became the possession of the brute creation. In the forest of Sumatra, we are told, that wild-beasts at this very day, depopulate whole villages\*. In other savage countries, man and beast are still joint-tenants; yet in general, even the barbarian is taught by example to leave the forest for a more convenient abode.

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\* See Marfden's hist. of Sumatra.

## S E C T. XII.

**B**UT tho man had deserted the forest as a dwelling, and had left it to be inhabited by beasts; it soon appeared, that he had no intention of giving up his right of dominion over it. In a course of ages, as population increased, he began to find it in his way. In one part, it occupied grounds fit for his plough; in another, for the pasturage of his domestic cattle; and in some parts, it afforded shelter for his enemies. He soon shewed the beasts, they were only tenants at will. He began amain to lay about him with his axe. The forest groaned; and receded from it's ancient bounds. It is amazing, what ravages he made in his original habitation, through every quarter of the globe. The fable was realized: man begged of the forest a handle to his hatchet; and when he



had obtained the boon, he used it in felling the whole.

In very early days this devastation began. When Joshua divided the land of promise among the Israelites, the children of Joseph made complaint, that their lot was insufficient for their numbers: "Get thee up to the wood-country, said Joshua, and cut down for thyself there, in the land of the Perizzites: the mountain shall be thine; for it is a wood; and thou shalt cut it down; and the out-goings of it shall be thine\*."

The cedars of Lebanon, which once found employment for eighty thousand hewers†, are now dwindled to a dozen trees. The woods, which covered the island of Delos, had intirely disappeared even in the time of Herodotus. In Cyprus you look for the traces of it's forests in vain. In all the new peopled parts of America, it was the sole employment of each colony to cut down wood; and it is astonishing what devastation the woods of those countries have suffered during these two last centuries. In the West-Indies the same

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\* Josh. xvii. 15.

† 1 Kings v. 15.

havoc was made. In Barbadoes, which was once covered with wood, scarce a single tree can be found. All the other West-India islands, are, more or less, in the same condition. To prepare the ground for sugar-canes, the axe has continued to rage in them, ever since the time of their discovery.

In the East-Indies, we see the same scenes of desolation. Wherever settlements have been made, the woods have been cut down; and indeed often unnecessarily. In the island of Sumatra, Mr. Marsden tells us\*, the inhabitants have no settled land for their tillage; but cut down, every year, a part of the ancient forests of the country; and meliorate the soil by the ashes of the trees, which they burn upon it. "I could never, says he, behold this devastation without a strong sentiment of regret. Perhaps the prejudices of a classical education taught me to respect those aged trees, as the habitations of an order of sylvan deities, who were now deprived of existence. But without having recourse to superstition, it is not difficult to account for such feelings, at the

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\* See Marsden's hist. Sumatra.

light of a venerable wood, old as the soil it stood on; and beautiful, beyond what the pencil can describe, annihilated for the mere temporary use of the space it occupied\*.”

In part the devastation of timber has been owing, in some countries, to other causes. Among these, it is well known, what prodigious quantities of drift-timber are, every year, wrecked on the sea-coast of Greenland, Iceland, Siberia, Kamiskatka, and other northern regions, brought down, as is supposed, by the great rivers of Tartary, and America; and thrown by the setting of the currents on those shores. In a voyage related by Purchas, we are told, that the Obi, and the Jenisca frequently, when the frosts break, and the snows dissolve, overflow their banks, and carry down with them vast mountains of ice, which rolling along, through the forests of the country, crush down all the trees they meet; and will sometimes drive whole woods before them in their passage to the sea†. A tract of country,

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\* See Marsden's hist. of Sumatra.

† Second part, b. iii. ch. 7.

ravaged thus by an inundation, is beautifully described by our great poet,

—————pushed by the horned flood,  
Of all it's verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the opening gulph.

On the coasts of Spain, and Portugal also, drift-timber is frequently found. At the siege of Gibraltar, on the night of the 26th of december 1779 (says captain Drinkwater, in his history of that siege) “ we had a most violent rain, with dreadful thunder, and lightening. The succeeding morning a vast quantity of wood was floating under our walls. The rain had washed it from the banks of the Palmone, and Guardaranque ; and it was wafted by the wind over to our side of the bay. Fuel had long been a scarce article : this supply was therefore considered as a miraculous instance of providence in our favour.”——In the East-Indies we have accounts of the devastation of timber from the same cause ; and likewise in the streights of Magellan.—This cause however operates only on the banks of large rivers, or near the coasts of the sea\*.

Tho

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\* See Crantz's history of Greenland, v. i. p. 37.—Evelin's travels through Siberia, v. ii. p. 415.—Millar's collection of Russian



But tho in all countries woods have been dismantled, yet this devastation of timber hath raged with the greatest ardour in Europe. France is almost intirely deprived of valuable woods. All timber of such a size belonged to the king. At least he might have exercised the right of pre-emption. The consequence was, nobody would suffer trees to attain that size. In the internal parts of Spain, and Germany, some woody tracts still remain; but the grandeur of those ancient forests, which Hannibal, and Cæsar traversed, is no where to be found. Where shall we now hear of a forest, that took a period of sixty days to pass through it \*? But if some woody scenery is still found in the *internal* parts of these countries, yet along the *coasts*, from the Baltic to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the streights of Gibraltar, all is laid waste. In Italy too the same havoc has been made. In Calabria indeed are still some tracts of wood; but, I believe, in few other parts.

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Russian tranfact. viii. 67.—Drinkwater's siege of Gibraltar, page 80.—Byron's voyage, p. 37.

\* Hercynia sylva dierum sexaginta iter occupans.

Pompon. Mela, l. iii. c. 3.

Those

Those vast pine-forests, which had rooted themselves, from the beginning of time, on the ridges of the Appennines, are now in most parts of that chain of mountains, recorded only by a few scattered clumps.

Even the bleak clime of Iceland is supposed to have been once covered with large forests; tho it is now almost totally bare of wood. It is probable however that other causes, besides that of making room for tillage, of which there is but little in that island, have contributed to this event\*.

From these varied scenes of devastation, the Turkish dominions, I believe, are the most exempted. The Turks venerate trees; and cherish them in all places, where the soil is not absolutely required. They may almost be said to live under them; for they are continually reclining beneath their shade. In Turkey it is common to see inferior buildings raised around the bole of a large plantain; which rising through the roof, covers the whole with it's expanded boughs. We may suppose there-

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\* See Troil's letters on Iceland, p. 41, &c.

fore, what we sometimes hear, is true, that some of the most picturesque scenery in the world may be found among the islands of the Egean; and along the shores of the Dardanelles; many of which, are beautifully covered with wood.—These woods account probably for an appearance, which is singular to a stranger navigating those narrow seas. As the corn-vessels sail through them, in their way to Constantinople, innumerable flights of pigeons, which find shelter in these woody recesses, hover round the boats, demanding a sort of toll from each, which the Turks never fail to pay them. These domestic birds acquire the sagacity to distinguish the corn-boat from every other species of navigation; and settling upon it's deck, they eat their dole at perfect ease. As the vessel approaches Constantinople, the tame pigeons of the capital, and all it's suburbs, scruple not, if they choose it, to take the same liberty. Doves of every kind are sacred in Turkey.

## S E C T. XIII.

BRITAIN, like other countries, abounded once in wood. When Cassibalan, Caractacus, and Boadicia, defended their country's rights, the country itself was a fortress. An extensive plain was then as uncommon, as a forest is now. Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, in the time of Henry II, tells us, that a large forest lay round London ; “ in which were woody groves ; in the covers whereof lurked bucks and does, wild boars, and bulls.” To shelter beasts of the latter kind we know a forest must be of some magnificence. These woods, contiguous even to the capital, continued close and thick many ages afterwards. Even so late as Henry VII's time we are informed by Polidore Virgil, that, “ *Tertia propemodum Angliæ pars pecori, aut cervis, damis, capreolis (nam et ii quoque*  
in



in ea parte sunt, quæ ad septentrionem est) cuniculifve nutriendis relicta est inculta : quippe passim sunt ejusmodi ferarum vivaria, seu roboraria, quæ lignis roboreis sunt clausa : unde multa venatio, qua se nobiles cum primis exercent."

In this passage the forest seems to be distinguished from the park ; which latter was fenced, in those days, with oak pales, as it is now.

As Britain became more cultivated, it's woods of course receded. They gave way, as in other places, to the plough, to pasturage, to ship-building, to architecture ; and different objects of human industry, in which timber is the principal *material* ; obtaining for that reason, among the Romans, the pointed appellation of *materies*.

That our woods were often cut down, merely for the sake of tillage, and pasturage, without any respect to the uses of timber, seems to be evident from the great quantities of subterraneous trees, dug up in various parts of England. They are chiefly found in marshy grounds ; which abounded indeed  
every

every where, before the arts of draining were in use. Nothing was necessary in such places, to produce the future phenomenon of subterraneous timber; but to carry the trees upon the surface of the bog; which might easily be done in dry summers. Their own weight, the ouzing of the springs, and the swelling of the mossy ground would soon sink them; as they were generally stripped of their branches, which were probably burnt. Dr. Plot, who had examined subterraneous timber with great exactness, gives good reasons for supposing, it might have been buried in this way merely to make way for the plough; and imagines that the English might begin to clear their wood-lands for tillage as early as the times of Alfred the great\*.—Others account for the phenomenon of subterraneous timber from the havoc made in woods by the violence of storms. In marshy grounds especially, where trees take but feeble hold, they would be most liable to this destruction.—Both this hypothesis, and Dr. Plot's may be equally true.

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\* See Plot's hist. of Oxfordshire, chap. 6. sect. 56.

But notwithstanding this general extermination of timber for the purposes of human industry, still many forests were left, in the time of our ancestors, in every part of the island, under the denomination of royal chaces; which our ancient kings preserved sacred for their amusement.—Forests indeed have ever been in use, in all parts, and ages of the world, as the appendages of royalty. We read them thus appropriated, even in the times of sacred history. When Nehemiah was in captivity, in the court of Artaxerxes; and had obtained leave of that prince to rebuild Jerufalem, Artaxerxes granted him, we read, among other favours, a letter to *Asaph the keeper of the king's forest*, to supply him with timber\*.

In England, the royal appropriation of most of our forests, seems to have been at least as early, as the times of the heptarchy. Every petty prince had then his royal demesns. Afterwards when one sovereign obtained possession of the whole island, he found himself the proprietor of a number of

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\* See Nehemiah, ii. 8.

these forests scattered over the different parts of it.

In Scotland also several forests existed: but whether they were in general the sovereign's property; or indeed any of them under the jurisdiction of forest law, might be matter of inquiry. Some of them undoubtedly belonged to private persons; but on the whole, the forests of England were both more numerous in proportion, and more appropriated to the crown, than the forests of Scotland. How many of these districts existed between the forest of Englewood in Cumberland, and New-forest in Hampshire, may easily be supposed; when we are assured, that in the last named county alone there were anciently at least a dozen; tho we can scarce at this time trace above half that number.

At present indeed even the vestiges of most of our English forests are obliterated. Of a few of them we find the site marked in old maps; but as to their sylvan honours, scarce any of them hath the least remains to boast. Some of the woods were destroyed in licentious times: and many have been suffered, through mere negligence, to waste away—the pillage of a dishonest neighbourhood.



The picturesque eye, in the mean time, is greatly hurt with the destruction of all these sylvan scenes. Not that it delights in a continued forest; nor wishes to have a whole country covered with wood. It delights in the intermixture of wood, and plain; in which beauty consists. It is not its business, to consider matters of utility. It has nothing to do with the affairs of the plough, and the spade; but merely examines the face of nature as a beautiful object. At the same time, it is more than probable, that if at least some of our ancient forests, in different parts of the kingdom, had been preserved, the ends of public utility might have been answered, as well as those of picturesque beauty. This was at least the opinion of our enemies. We are informed, that in the intended invasion of 1588, the Spaniards, among other mischief, that was meditated, had orders to cut down all the forests of England, which they could meet with; particularly the forest of Dean in Gloucestershire. John of Ghent indeed acted this part in Scotland; when to revenge an inroad, he set twenty-four thousand axes at work in the forest of Caledonia.

Out

Out of respect however to the noble scenes, which the forests of Britain once presented, I shall endeavour to preserve the remembrance of as many of them, as I can. I shall carry my reader first into the northern parts of Scotland; and shall from thence proceed regularly through all the forests, of which we have any knowledge, to the southern parts of England.



## S E C T. XIV.

THE character of the Scotch-forest is very different from that of the English one. It commonly extends over a mountainous country, abounding with vallies, rocks, precipices, torrents, cataracts, lakes, and all the accompaniments of the wildest, and grandest species of landscape. It is chiefly composed of pines, which give it a melancholy, gloomy aspect. In some parts this gloomy tinge is varied by birch; and in other parts invivened by the cheerful green, and brilliant berries of the mountain-ash. The pine-forests often climb precipices of very towering height; diminishing to the gazing eye, when stationed at the bottom, till the loftiest pines almost appear melting into air.

The woods, that rear themselves over the steepes of the Alps, and Appennines, often form



appearances of this kind, but of a more cheerful cast. The following description is a beautiful contrast to the gloomy aspect of a Scotch-forest; tho I fancy the poet has drawn a more woody species of scenery, than is at this time commonly to be found in Italy.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends.  
Woods over woods, in gay, theatric pride,  
Well massed, yet varied, deck the mountain's side.  
While towering oft, amidst the tufted green,  
Some venerable ruin marks the scene.

The animals which inhabit the Scotch-forest, are the roe-buck, the eagle, and the falcon. Heretofore it was frequented by the cock of the wood, a noble bird, dressed in splendid plumage, of nearly the size of a turkey. He was often seen, amidst the dark foliage of the pine, rearing his glossy crest, and crowing at intervals: but he is now seldom found. The stag also sometimes shelters himself among the thickets of the forest: but it is the heat only of a meridian sun, that drives him thither. The storm he values not; but continues browsing in defiance of it, on the side of the bleakest mountain,

mountain, on which it happens to overtake him.

The English forest, (except in the northern counties, which border on Scotland) exhibits a very different species of landscape. It is commonly composed of woodland views interspersed, as we have described them\*, with extensive heaths, and lawns. It's trees are oak, and beech; whose lively green corresponds better than the gloomy pine, with the nature of the scene, which seldom assumes the dignity of a mountain one; but generally exhibits a cheerful landscape. It aspires indeed to grandeur; but it's grandeur does not depend, like that of the Scottish forest, on the *sublimity of the objects*; but on the *vastness of the whole*—the extent of it's woods, and wideness of it's plains.—In it's inhabitants also the English forest differs from the Scotch. Instead of the stag, and the roe-buck, it is frequented by cattle, and fallow-deer: and exchanges the screams of the eagle and the falcon, for the crowing of pheasants, and the melody of nightingales. The Scotch-forest, no doubt,

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\* See p. 220.

is the sublimer scene ; and speaks to the imagination in a loftier language, than the English forest can reach. This latter indeed often rouses the imagination, but seldom in so great a degree ; being generally content with captivating the eye.

The scenery too of the Scotch forest is better calculated to last through ages, than that of the English. The woods of both are almost destroyed : but while the English-forest hath lost all it's beauty with it's oaks, and becomes only a desolate waste ; the rocks and the mountains, the lakes, and the torrents of the Scotch-forest, make it still an interesting scene.

In Sutherland, which is the most northern county in Scotland, are found the forests of Derry-more, and Derry-monach.

In Ross-shire, in the district of Affynt, lies the forest of Coygach : and along the confines of Loch-mari, which is one of the most extensive lakes in Scotland, runs another forest, which bears the name of the lake.

In

In the county of Murray are the forests of Abernethy, and Rothimurcha; winding along the banks of the Spey. They both belong to the Grant-family; and make a part of the extensive demeifns of castle-Grant; which stands in their neighbourhood.

In the fhire of Inverness are the remains of several forests—those of Loch-loyn, Glenmoriston, Strath-glas, Loch-garrie, Loch-artig, and Kinloch-leven.

In the county of Bamff lies the forest of Glenmore, which belongs to the duke of Gordon; whose castle rises among the woods on the confines of it.

On the banks of the Dee, along the southern part of the county of Aberdeen, runs the forest of Glentaner, which belongs to Lord Aboyne; and more to the west, lie the forests of Braemar, and Invercald.

The



The former is a very romantic scene ; especially in the eastern parts. Here we find in great perfection every species of the wildest, and most awful country. The beetling rock assumes no where a more tremendous form : nor the pine, bursting from it's fissures, a more majestic station : nor does the river, in any place, throw itself into more furious contortions. This wild, and extensive forest is much frequented by game of every kind ; which used formerly, in the summer season, to draw together a great resort of nobility and gentry, from all parts of Scotland. Their meeting had the appearance of a military expedition. They wore a uniform : and incamped together in temporary huts. Their days were spent in the chase ; and their evening in jollity. Such meetings were common in Scotland, and of great antiquity. A hunting-party of this kind gave occasion to the celebrated ballad of Chevy-chace.

The forest of Invercald is likewise a very romantic scene. The pines, which at this day, grow in some parts of it, are thought to be superior to any in Europe, both in size and quality. Many of them attain the height of eighty, or ninety feet, and measure  
four

four feet and a half in diameter. They are sold, I have heard, on the spot, often for five, or six guineas a tree. The timber, which they yield, is resinous, heavy, and of a dark-red colour. Considerable quantities of it are still carried into the lower parts of Scotland, in floats down the Dee, when that river happens to be swoln with rains. The forests of Braemar, and Invercald are supposed to be the remains of the ancient Caledonian wood.

In the county of Athol is the forest of Loch-rannoc; and in that of Argyl, the forest of Loch-tulla, where Mr. Pennant tells us, he saw the last pines, which he supposed to be of spontaneous growth in Scotland.

In the county of Stirling lies the forest of that name; or Torwood, as it is often called. Here the country, tho still abrupt, and rough, begins to assume a milder form. Here too the oak begins to mix it's cheerful verdure with the dark green tint of the pine.

pine. — As we approach the English border, it is probable the oak became still more frequent; and occupied large tracts of those vast woods, which on better evidence than of ballad-history, we believe existed formerly in the wilds of Tiviot, and Cheviot.

As we enter England, the large county of Northumberland affords the remains only of two forests; Rothbury in the middle of it; and Lowes on the western side, a little to the north of the Roman wall.

In Cumberland we find five, Nicol; Knare-dale; Westwood; Inglewood; and Copeland; all now desolate, and naked scenes; except where some of the lands have been cultivated.

The wild county of Westmorland consisted formerly of little besides forests; with the appendages of lakes and mountains. Six are still traced in it. On the north, lies the forest of Milburn; in which rises one of the loftiest

loftiest mountains in England, that of Crofs-fell. On the west, lie the forests of Whinfield, Martindale, and Thornthwait. Martindale is bounded by the beautiful lake of Ullf-water; and Thornthwait by that of Broad-water. On the eastern side of this rough county lie the forests of Stainmore, and Mellerstang. Stainmore is a wild scene, noted only for being one of the great western passes into Scotland. At the northern extremity of it is presented a grand piece of distant mountain scenery.—On the borders of Mellerstang stand the ruins of Pendragon-castle; the walls of which are full four yards in thickness. Pendragon-castle gives Westmorland perhaps a better title to that celebrated hero, Uter Pendragon, than any the Welsh can boast. It stands upon the river Eden; and the tradition of the country is, that the noble founder proposed to draw that great stream around it, like a trench. His enterprize miscarrying gave rise to the following adage, applied to the attempting of an impossibility;

Let Pendragon do what he can,  
Eden runs, where Eden ran.

This



This forest was likewise celebrated for being formerly the haunt of wild-boars; and a part of it, to this day, retains the name of Wild-boar-fell. Here also stands the mountain of Mowil; from whence three of the largest rivers in the north of England take their source, the Eden, the Ewer, and the Swale.

In the bishoprick of Durham we find only the forest of Langden, or Teesdale, which latter name it assumes from running along the banks of the Tees. When the woods of this forest were in perfection, they must have afforded a great variety of very picturesque scenery. For the Tees is one of the most romantic rivers in England; and forms many a furious eddy, and many a foaming cascade, in its passage through the forest; particularly that celebrated cataract, which, by way of eminence, is called the *fall of the Tees*.

In Lancashire we find three forests—Lancaster-forest, which, I suppose, is the same  
as

as Wirefdale—Bowland, a little to the south—and Simon's-wood, extending almost to Liverpool.

In the northern parts of Yorkshire lie a cluster of small forests——Lime—Applegarth—Swaledale—and Wensfeley-dale. Whether each of these had a separate jurisdiction, or whether their rights were intermingled, would be difficult at this day to ascertain. They must formerly however, in their rude state, have been delightful scenes. Even now they contain some of the most picturesque country we have in England—rivers—vallies—rocks—and woods in great profusion, tho intermingled, and deformed with patches of human industry.

On the Eastern side of Yorkshire lies the forest of Pickering, extending itself almost to Scarborough. This forest, with that of Wirefdale, were royalties belonging to the duchy of Lancaster; and in the time of John of Ghent, the jurisdiction of forest-law was maintained in both of them with so much exactness, that the determinations of the courts of Lancaster, and Pickering were always

esteemed sufficient precedents for all the other forest courts in England\*.

In the middle of Yorkshire lies the wide forest of Knaresborough, once a very romantic scene; now inclosed, and cultivated. A little to the south lies Harewood; and on the east, Galtries, still a woody district, extending almost to the walls of York.

Around Hallifax lies Hardwicke-forest, within the precincts of which Hallifax-law, as it was called, took place. It was a very severe jurisdiction, vested in the magistrates of the town, to punish cloth-stealing. The offender within the space of two or three market-days, was tried, condemned, and executed. The instrument of his execution was called a maiden. It was a machine, in which an axe was drawn up a considerable height between two posts, and under the pressure of a heavy weight, fell rapidly on the criminal's neck. The axe is still shewn at Hallifax.

There were probably many other forests in Yorkshire, but we can only trace with any degree of certainty the site of one more, which is Hatfield-chace; and this might likewise

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\* See Manwood on Forest-law, in various parts.

have been forgotten, had it not been for a piece of history belonging to it—the death of Edwin, king of Northumberland, which happened in this forest, together with the destruction of his army, by Penda, the pagan king of Mercia.

In Cheshire we have the forests of Delamere, and Macclesfield. The former is an extensive district of ground, rising, as it approaches Chester, and presenting, at the extremity, a grand view of the flat country below, bounded by the mountains of Wales. The castle of Beeston, seated on a hill, in the second distance, appears to great advantage in the view. In this forest, Edelfleda, a Mercian princess, founded a little town for her retirement, which obtained the title of the *happy city*. The site is still known by the name of the *chamber in the forest*.

Besides these two forests in Cheshire there was formerly another of larger dimensions, than either of them. It occupied, under the name of Wireall-forest, that whole peninsula, which lies between the estuaries of the Mercey and the Dee.



In the county of Nottingham is the celebrated forest of Sherwood, which was formerly the frequent scene of royal amusement. Mansfield, a town in that forest, was the seat of the king's residence on those occasions; and it was here that he made an acquaintance with the miller of famous memory.—This forest was also the retreat of another personage equally celebrated in the chronicle of ballad, the illustrious Robin Hood, who with little John, and the rest of his associates, making the woody scenes of it his asylum, laid the whole country under contribution.—Sherwood-forest is, at present, a scene of great desolation; tho' its woods in various parts are reviving under the auspices of several eminent patrons\*, whose estates either lie within it, or on its confines.

In Shropshire are the vestiges of at least four forests; Huckstow; King's-wood; Bridge-

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\* The dukes of Norfolk, Kingston, Newcastle, and Portland; sir George Saville; sir Charles Sedley; and others, have made large plantations in several parts.

north; and Clune. Clune-forest deserves ever to be remembered in British annals as the scene where Caractacus is supposed \* to have made his last noble stand against the Romans. Having resisted them nine years with various success, and being now pushed to extremity, he fortified himself on a hill in this forest. Tacitus tells the story at length†. Ostorius led his legions against him. The British camp was forced; and through treachery the gallant chief was delivered to his conqueror. At Rome, says the historian, the senate considered the triumph over Caractacus, as splendid as those over Syphax, and Perfes.

Needwood-forest, in the county of Stafford, is a track of elevated country, about twenty-five miles in circumference. In consequence of it's elevation, it commands around it's *extremities* a great variety of distant views.

To the north they are terminated by those lofty hills, which form the romantic scenes of Dovedale. But to the east, the country

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\* See Camden on Shropshire.

† See Tac. annal. lib. xii. cap. 33.

subsiding into a vast flat, stretches far and wide into distance. On a promontory overlooking this extensive plain, stands Tutbury-castle, once the mansion of the dukes of Lancaster.—

As you wind round from the eastern to the southern extremity, the views, tho remotely bounded by hills, continue flat, and distant. The great object on this side is Litchfield-cathedral, which rising in the middle of the plain, is every where seen to great advantage.

With regard to the *internal parts* of the forest, we find it's grandest effect of woody scenery along it's northern boundary, where a bold range of woods stretch for several miles together, in one vast irregular sweep. And what often adds singular beauty to this part, the steep cliff, which bounds it, often descends suddenly, in deep, and narrow wooded vallies, to the level of the country below.—There is something of the same effect of scenery also on the south-west part of the forest.—As we pass more into the internal parts, we find much variety of ground, and scenes of great beauty from the number, and different forms of the lawns, and the varied outline of the woods, which encompass them. Many of the trees indeed are of the under-rate kinds, as maples,  
hazels,

hazels, and thorns ; but they produce beautiful thicket-scenery ; and there are frequent oaks mixed with them. But above all, this forest glories in it's holly-woods. The hollies are commonly of the size of trees, and add beauty to it at all times, but in winter give it peculiar cheerfulness.

To these sources of beauty it may be added, that the soil of Needwood-forest is generally good ; which produces great richness in it's vegetation, and vigour in it's woods.

The middle parts of Staffordshire are occupied by a very extensive forest known by the name of Cank-wood.

In the southern parts of Leicestershire lies the wide forest of Charnwood ; in which the park of Beaumanour, twenty miles in circumference, was walled round by the lords of Beaumont ; and was thought to be one of the largest works of the kind in England. In this county also lies the forest of Leicester ; on the borders of which is the celebrated field of Bosworth, where after so much bloodshed in the contest between the two houses



of York and Lancaster, their quarrel was finally decided.

In Rutlandshire is the forest of Lyfield, still in some parts in it's original state, and stocked with deer: and in Hertfordshire are the remains of the forests of Bring-wood, Deerfield, Hawood, and Acornbury.

Wire-forest, once famous for it's stately timber, lies on the north-west of Worcester-shire, along the banks of the Severn. In this county also we have the forest of Malvern, and Feckingham: the former winds among the hills, whose name it bears; and the latter is famous for it's salt springs, in the boiling of which it's woods have been almost exterminated.

More than half the county of Warwick was formerly a continued forest-scene, and was known by the name of *Arden*; an old British word, which signifies *a wood*. Whether this vast district of wood-land was divided into different

different jurisdictions, would be difficult to ascertain. There seems at least to have been one separate chase in it, which belonged to the castle of Kenelworth: and it is probable, there might have been others.

In the county of Northampton is the large forest of Rockingham; which stretches along the river Welland almost to Stamford. In this forest stands the castle of Rockingham, formerly a pile of vast importance, built by William the Conqueror.—In Northamptonshire also there are three other forests; Sacy, Yardly, and Whittlebury.—I have been assured, that in the first, and last of these forests, Rockingham, and Whittlebury, there remains, at this day, sufficient timber to build the navy of England twice over; and as canals are now forming in those parts, it may soon be an easy matter to convey it from it's deep recesses to any of the king's yards. These forests also, particularly Whittlebury, are infested by the wild-cat; which the naturalists call the British tyger.

Huntingdon takes it's name, as etymologists suppose, from being a country adapted to hunting\*. We may imagine therefore, that in elder times, when such beasts were hunted, as required large covers, a great part of the county was forest. At present, tho we have the vestiges of several woods, we meet with no forest directly named, but that of Wabridge.

In Gloucestershire, the forest of Dean has ever been esteemed one of the most celebrated forests in England. It is of large extent, not less than twenty miles in length; and half as many in breadth; stretching, on the south-east, along the Severn; and on the north-west along the Wye; the picturesque scenes of which latter river it greatly improves by often presenting it's woody distances. The timber in this forest was formerly more in request, than any other timber, for the service

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\* See Camden's Huntingdonshire.

of the navy. But it is, at this time, much diminished; owing chiefly to the neighbourhood of several iron forges, which it has long supplied with fuel. There is however still more the appearance of a forest preserved here, both in the scenery, and in the jurisdiction, than in almost any other part of England. The courts are held in a large house, which was built for this purpose in the middle of the forest.—In the county of Gloucester also is the forest of Micklewood; on the confines of which stands Berkly-castle of celebrated antiquity.—King's-wood too is another forest in this county, which being bounded by the Avon, spreads itself almost to the walls of Bristol.

In Oxfordshire we have only the single forest of Whichwood.

In Buckinghamshire, we have those of Bernwood, and Clitern. Bernwood runs along the hilly country from Aylesbury almost to Oxford. Clitern was formerly a very thick impervious wood, and noted for being the  
haunt



haunt of banditti, who long infested the country; till a public-spirited abbot of St. Alban's broke their confederacy, by bringing many of them to justice, and destroying their retreats.

In Essex are the two forests of Epping, and Hainhault; the latter of which, it is probable, was once an appendage to the former. For Epping-forest was anciently a very extensive district; and, under the name of the forest of Essex, included a great part of that county. It afterwards took the name of Waltham-forest; but Epping being a place better known, it now commonly takes that denomination.

Wiltshire also was formerly a very woody county; and once probably almost the whole of it was a forest. Even at this day we find in it the vestiges of four forests. Peevisham, Blakemore, Bradon, and Savernack. Bradon was a scene of dreadful bloodshed in the year 905; when the Danes under Ethelred, invaded it: and slaughtered all the inhabitants

of

of it's environs, among whom were a number of women and children, who had fled for refuge to it's recesses.—Savernack-forest is still a woody scene, and adorns a part of the road between Bath and London. It belongs to the earl of Aylesbury; and is almost the only privileged forest in England in the hands of a subject, by whom in strict language, a chase only is tenable. This forest is about twelve miles in circuit; and is still well stocked with deer, and timber.

In Berkshire is the celebrated forest of Windsor. It was formerly the property of queen Emma; and was afterwards distinguished by William the conqueror, who built lodges in it, and established forest-law. He himself used commonly, after the chase, to sleep at an abbey in the neighbourhood. There is now little scenery left in any part of it. Some of the finest of the old forest-trees, still remaining, stand on the left of the road leading from the great park to Cranburn-lodge. The scenery here, chiefly from the ornament of the trees, is beautiful.—The most pleasing part of Windsor-forest, is the great park; which,  
tho

tho in many places artificially, and formally, planted, contains great variety of ground. The improvements of the duke of Cumberland, were magnificent, rather than in a stile suitable to a forest. All formalities should have been, as much as possible, avoided; and the whole formed into noble lawns and woods, with views introduced, where they could be, into the country. The great avenue to Windfor-castle, tho in a stile of great formality, is however in it's kind so noble a piece of scenery, that we should not wish to see it destroyed.— Besides great numbers of red, and fallow-deer, this park was in the duke's time, much frequented by wild turkies; the breed of which he encouraged. It could hardly have had a more beautiful decoration. Birds are among the most picturesque objects: both their forms, and plumage make them so; yet they are generally so diminutive, that, beautiful as they are, they have little effect. But the turkey is both a large bird; and being gregarious, forms groups, which become objects of consequence. It's shape also is picturesque; and all it's actions. It's colour also, especially if it be of the bright copper, varying in the sun-beam, is more beautiful, than the plumage of any other

other bird. The peacock neither in form nor in colour, is equal to the turkey. As this bird was reclaimed from the unbounded woods of America, where it is still indigenous, it's habits continue wilder, than those of any domestic fowl. It strays widely for it's food—it flies well, considering it's apparent inactivity—and it perches, and roosts on trees. On all these accounts it is a proper inhabitant of parks.—Windfor-forest is said to be about thirty miles round: but if Bagshot is an appendage to it, I should suppose it much more.—The great park is about fourteen miles round;—and the little park three.

In Middlesex is the forest of Enfield. After the death of Charles I, it is said, that Cromwell divided it into farms among his veterans: but if they ever took possession, they were dispossessed at the restoration; and deer, it's ancient inhabitants, were again settled in their room. It is now inclosed under an act of parliament.

Surry and Kent were formerly very woody counties; of which we need no evidence, besides



besides that of Cæsar, when he invaded Britain. There are no traces however of any nominal forest in either of them, except the forest of Tunbridge. Woods indeed there are in various parts; and much more the appearance of a woody country is still left, than in most of those countries, in which forests are known to have existed.

Suffex, on the other hand, which has ever been remarkable as one of the finest timber counties in England, abounds at the same time with nominal forests. It contains no fewer than seven; St. Leonard's; Word; Ashdown; Waterdown; Dallington; Arundel; and Charlton; which last forest was settled on the dukes of Richmond. Ridings through it have lately been cut; and many new plantations added.

In Cornwall it does not appear that there has ever been any thing like a forest.

In

In Devonshire there are two; the forest of Dartmore, which runs along the mountainous, and barren country, on both sides of the river Dart, before it enters the south Hams: and the forest of Exmore, which accompanies the river Ex, till it enter the more fertile country about Dulverton.

In Somersetshire there are likewise two, Neroch-forest, which lies a little to the south of Taunton; and Selwood-forest, a little to the south of From.—These scenes will ever be famous in British history; while the remembrance continues of Alfred the great. Frequent inundations of Danes, and repeated losses had driven him from the management of affairs. But he retired before the enemies of his country, only to attack them with more advantage. Seeing the time ripe for action, he emerged from his retreat; sent his emissaries around, and called his friends together in the forest of Selwood, which sheltered, and concealed his numbers. Here arranging his followers, he burst from the forest, like a torrent, upon the Danes. They gave way at

once ; and suffered so terrible a defeat, that they never again molested his repose.

On the north of Dorsetshire lies Gillingham-forest, remarkable also for a great defeat, which Edmond Ironside gave the Danes, on the confines of it. A little to the east lies Cranburn-chace ; and on the west, Blackmore-forest, commonly called the forest of White-hart ; from a celebrated stag, which afforded great diversion to Henry III.—The whole of the island of Purbeck was once a forest. In the midst of it stands Corf-castle ; where Elfrida, to open the throne for her son Ethelred, murdered her son-in-law Edward ; when he called for refreshment at her castle after a toilsome chace.

In Hampshire are the vestiges of five forests. On the north near Sylchester lies Chute-forest ; through which passes the great southern Roman road, still visible in many parts. On the west lies the forest of Harewood, which is still a woody scene, tho its larger trees are  
in

in general gone. This place was formerly celebrated for the unfortunate loves of Athelwold, and Elfrida. Here Edgar slew his rival; and the place is traditionally marked by the name of *Dead-man's plot*. The abbey of Whorwell, which Elfrida founded, as some suppose, on this occasion, and as others, more probably, as an atonement for the murder of Edward, cannot now be traced, except by a monumental stone, which marks it's situation. On the east of Hampshire, lies Holt-forest; more to the south, the forest of Waltham, which belongs to the Bishop of Winchester; and near Tichfield, the forests of Bere. Some parts of these forests still afford remains of woody scenery.

At the south-west extremity of Hampshire lies New-forest; which, as it hath given occasion to these remarks, and is besides the noblest scene of the kind in England, I shall in the following book, consider more at large; and endeavour to illustrate by it's scenes, some of the observations, which have already been made\*.

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\* To this account of the forests of England, I shall only subjoin, that Mr. St. John (see his observations on the land-revenues



revenues of the crown, p. 118) enumerates seventy-seven; of which Windsor, Waltham, Dean, Rockingham, Whittlewood, Salcey, Sherwood, Which-wood, New-forest, Bere, and Walmer, are the only forests, he says, which are reputed to have preserved their rights. Of the rest indeed he gives the names, many of which I meet with no where, but in his catalogue. He says however that several of them, were disforested; and changed into private property, by an act of Charles I. which was wrested from him, in consequence of his having revived the vexations of forest-law, at the beginning of his difficulties.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK,

AND

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

# TRANSLATION

OF

## QUOTATIONS in the First Volume.

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### VOL. I.

Page 28.

Deep in the bowels of the earth, the oak  
With hardy effort drives his vigorous root;  
And rears his head as high. No winter-storm  
Can touch a trunk so founded. Years revolve;  
The puny generations of mankind,  
Each after each, expire; yet firm he stands;  
And stretching, far and wide, his sinewy army,  
With comprehensive span, and sweep of shade,  
O'erspreads a district. —————

35. The ash is the most beautiful of all the trees  
of the wood.

47. As the letters of our names increase on the  
bark, so shall our love.

47. Under the shelter of a spreading beech.

50. The light metal crackled in the wind.

60. The maple stained with various hues.

—————No greater beauty can adorn  
The hamlet, than a grove of ancient oak.

Ah! how unlike their fires of elder times  
The fons of Gallia now! They in each tree  
Dreading some unknown power, dared not to lift  
An axe: tho scant of soil, they rather fought  
For distant herbage, than molest their groves.

Now all is spoil, and violence. Where now  
Exists an oak, whose venerable stem  
Has seen three centuries? unless some steep,  
To human footstep inaccessible,  
Defend a favoured plant. Now if some fire  
Leave to his heir a forest-scene: that heir  
With graceless hands hews down each awful trunk,  
Worthy of Druid reverence; there he rears  
A paltry copse, destined, each twentieth year,  
To blaze inglorious on the hearth. Hence woods,  
Which sheltered once the stag, and grisly boar  
Scarce to the timorous hare sure refuge lend.  
Farewell each rural virtue with the love  
Of rural scenes. Sage Contemplation wings  
Her flight. No more from burning furs she seeks  
A cool retreat. No more the poet sings,  
Amid re-echoing groves, his moral lay.

133. My guide shewed me here, what I can call  
only the shell, or bark of a chesnut-tree, but  
of such amazing circumference, that one of  
the shepherds of the country used it as a fold  
for a large flock of sheep.

215. Even the very gods inhabited groves.

215. The grove used as a temple.

—————He shewed  
 A grove, which Romulus, in after-times,  
 Made an asylum. Near it rose a rock,  
 Bedewed with weeping springs, sacred to Pan;  
 And once more sacred to the injured shade  
 Of murdered Argos. Then he called aloud  
 The gods to witness, that his soul abhorred  
 The impious deed. To the Tarpeian rock  
 He led the hero next, where now in pomp  
 The capitol upheaves it's splendid towers;  
 Then but a thicket, interwoven close,  
 With nature's wildest products. Yet e'en then  
 A superstitious awe, and holy fear  
 O'erspread the scene. Doubtless some god, (what god  
 We know not) holds his sacred residence  
 Upon the wooded crest of yon dark grove.  
 Oft when the storm, with brooding darkness, o'er  
 That wood arises, the Arcadians see,  
 Or think they see, the mighty Jove himself  
 Rolling his thunder; and with bare right arm  
 Flashing his lightnings on a guilty land.

282.

—These woods the fawns, and nymphs once held.  
 Here too a hardy race of men subsist.  
 Unversed in all the arts of life, they know  
 Nor how to yoke the ox, nor turn the glebe;  
 Content with the bare produce of the woods,  
 And what the chace affords.—————

303. Almost the third part of England is uncultivated, and possessed only by stags, deer, or wild-goats; which last are found chiefly in the northern parts. Rabbits too abound every where.



where. You every where meet with vast  
forests, where these wild-beasts range at large;  
or with parks secured by pales. Hunting is  
the principal amusement of all the people of  
distinction.









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